THE SHEAF LITERARY AND ART SUPPLEMENT



UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-THREE



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Education is the progressive discovery of our own ignorance.
—Will Durant

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THE SHEAF LITERARY AND ART SUPPLEMENT



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To You Who Dream

We talk. Perhaps of nothing more than stars, Or lights, maybe, along the water's edge, The chance discovery of a moth at rest... The way the shadows dance across the street, And how the moon has chaperoned the night; And easily we drift to other strains—

The things we like and dislike, and a thought That came with last night's newcast or some book,

And then, what we believe in, anyway.

Ideas like ours, we think, might change the world,

If others know as we do—surely they do—A realism which acknowledges
Things as they are, and sees the problems there
But tempers all with clear-eyed faith and brings
A starry vision which will resurrect
A noble structure from the sad debris.

Lois Borland.

Interview

by Shirley I. Plank

The two reporters sat uncomfortably on the edges of their straight, hard chairs, and looked at the old man in front of them. He had shown no sign of life since they had entered the room. He sat, quiet and still and old, his frail hands folded peacefully, his closed eyes only one more crease in his wrinkled face. It was cold in the room. One of the reporters stirred.

"I think we're wasting our time," he whispered hoarsely to his friend. "The old bird hasn't moved since we came in here. I think he's about

due to croak, if he hasn't already."

"I have croaked," said the old man, "but I do so no more. When one is old one's voice is hoarse and unsteady, and the mind is not clear. The speech of the old may well be described as croaking; the mind of the old is of no use to anyone. But when one becomes very old, as I am, both the mind and the voice clear."

The words seemed to come from a great distance. The old man had not moved and his eyes were still closed. The two reporters looked at each other uncertainly. There was a draft along the floor.

"There is no need for me to move," continued the old man. "I have moved much in my time. Is there something you would like to know?"

One of the reporters rustled his notebook and tried to clear his throat. The other one gulped and asked, "How old are you, sir?" His voice sounded strange and hoarse in his own ears. He could not remember ever having called anyone 'sir' before. This place gave him the creeps. He wished the old man would open his eyes.

"Age," said the old man. The single word hung on the air for a moment before he continued. "What is age. Age is a relative term. As men consider age I am very old, but as age is calculated in the stars my life has scarcely begun. Is there something you would like to know?"

The first reporter had managed to clear his throat, and he spoke with a little of his usual assurance.

"Our paper sent us here," he began briskly, and then he stopped uncertainly and added doubtfully "Sir." Then he cleared his throat again and started over. "Our papers sent us here to find out about you," he said. "You are supposed to be very old. We want to know how

you spend your time and what you eat and whether you can still see and hear as well as you used to. How did you manage to live to be so old? Have you got any good advice to give people, I mean, about keeping their health and living a long time?"

He had gained assurance as he spoke, but when he had finished the cold silence settled down over the room once more. They waited.

At length the old man spoke.

"I have no advice," he said. "Life is a natural thing. As one lives longer one grows older, and eventually one grows very old indeed. I am very old. I have seen and heard much. There is no need for me to hear any more. There is no need for me to see. I am an old man."

"Do you mean," asked one of the reporters, "that you have seen everything that there is to see? Is there nothing that would be worth looking at now?"

The wrinkled eyelids lifted silently and the old man surveyed his visitors vacuously and briefly. Then the eyelids glided down again and the old man answered, "At the moment, nothing."

The two reporters looked at each other uncomfortably. They did not seem to be getting very far. One of them said after a moment,

"What do you think is the most worthwhile thing in life?" The question sounded a little trite, some way, as it hung there in the air. He was not proud of it. It was some time before the old man spoke and then he said suddenly,

"Thought."

They waited, but nothing more seemed to be forthcoming.

"What kind of thought?"

The old man said sharply, "There is only one kind of thought. I am a very old man. I have thought a great deal. Is there something you would like to know?"

This seemed to put them back where they had started. For a moment there seemed to be nothing to say. Then one of the reporters asked hopefully, "Perhaps there is something you would like to tell us? We expect to write an article about you, and it will be read by many people. Is there something you would like to tell the people?"

"Tell them to read," said the old man with a sigh. "Tell them to read." Then he added, "It stimulates thought."

"What kind of reading do you recommend?" asked one of the reporters, and immediately wished to recall the question. Probably there was

only one kind of reading.

"I am an old man," said the clear old voice, still coming from far away. "I have read much." The two reporters looked at each other in despair. But the old man checked himself and turned his thoughts in another direction.

"There is much to read," he said reminiscently. "There are many great works of literature. Tell the people to read. All reading is good."

"What particular literary work do you con-

sider the greatest?"

The old man said, "There are many standards of greatness," and lapsed into silence. The re-

porter rephrased his question.

"What particular work of literature do you think has done the most good in the world?" he asked. "What do you think has stimulated the most thought?"

Something that might have been a smile ruffled, for a moment, the wrinkled face of the

old man.

"I have read much," he said slowly, "and I have thought much. I have enjoyed reading. Shakespeare wrote well; Homer wrote well; there are many men, great and small, who have written well. Tell the people if they wish to think they should not read Shakespeare. Shakespeare distracts the mind. Homer distracts the mind. All people who write well distract the mind."

"He who has stimulated the most thought," he continued after a moment, "is one man. There are many men who stimulate thought. I first learned to think by reading. Then was my mind first set free to explore its own world and to seek truth. The author," he said, "was Taussig. Tawney is good, too."

"Economists," said the reporter, feeling that at last he had his feet on firm ground. "You feel that economics stimulates thought?"

"Economics?" said the old man musingly. "Is it economics? Economics will do. Or political science. I do not recommend all political science, for some of it can be understood. But the more technical political scientists—they are excellent. Tell the people to read many technical books. Tell them to read anything which they do not understand. It frees the mind."

The two reporters exchanged glances.

"When I was young I read only what interested me," said the old man. "I read many

things. I read the books of Mark Twain and Dickens and Scott. I read much poetry, and many books by people I no longer remember. I read much, whatever interested me. I was entertained. I did not think." He opened his eyes, and for a moment he looked directly at his visitors. "The good authors," he said, "do not stimulate thought. They distract the mind." His eyes closed and he was silent for a moment.

"I began my education," he said. "No longer did I read what interested me. They told me what to read. They put books into my hands and said 'read this, and this'. They gave me books by Taussig. It was economics, you say?" He seemed to muse over this bit of information.

"I read Taussig," he continued. "I read every word. My eyes travelled from page to page, and the appearance of the words soothed me. My mind was set free. It wandered out into space, in search of the great truth. I thought much. I thought of life, and of immortality, and I thought of what I would do with my life when I had finished my education. I thought deeply and I solved an algebra problem which had bothered me. I even composed a poem. It was a good poem. A stimulating book: I was sorry when I had finished it."

"But there were other books, I found. They gave me a wealth of books. I read them through, and they were most helpful. Some of them distracted my mind—books of English literature, they were, and history and poetry. But even some of these were stimulating. Some of the history lulled me into mighty thoughts, and there was one poem I remember—a long poem—I think it was Wordsworth. I do not remember what it was about. It was very long. It was an excellent poem. I planned, before I finished it, an excellent tool rack to hang above my work bench. It was a useful tool rack. I used it for many years. It was a well-planned tool rack, with a place for everything. A wonderful poem. Wordsworth, I think it was."

"The critics," he continued after a moment. "The critics are wonderful. Avoid the critics who write well, and the critics who have something to say. These avoid. They distract the mind. But there are many critics who are most helpful. There are many who explore, I believe, the sources of things, and there are many who spend whole chapters refuting arguments which other critics have advanced. These are especially useful when you are not acquainted with the critic who is being refuted. And there are biographers who are perhaps most useful

of all. These are the biographers who write of people about whom nothing is known. They speak at length of documents and school reports and of various men who may or may not have been the man in question. They quote wills and legal documents. These are excellent. Most stimulating! Read biographies of Marlowe. Read biographies of anyone of whom nothing is known. I have thought many great thoughts while I read the critics."

He sighed deeply and opened his eyes.

"You ask what I wish you to tell the people," he said, as though he were renewing a conversation. "You may tell them to go out in search of an education. Tell them to read much, but not what is interesting. Tell them to read the critics and those who write long formal treatises on technical subjects. Tell them to read histories which deal with intricate political situations and many dates. Tell them to read about the organization of the various governments of the world, and discussions of the constitution. Tell them to read the critics. The critics are most stimulating. They free the mind. One can think uninterrupted while one is gaining an education."

He stopped and closed his eyes. Evidently he had no more to say. The two reporters rose.

They were at the door when he spoke. For a moment his eyes were focussed upon them.

"You write?" he asked.

"We write for a newspaper," explained one reporter. "We interview people and write articles about them. Features." He smiled. "We will write an article about you," he said.

The old man closed his eyes and it was a moment before he spoke. It was very quiet in the room. It was cold.

"You will write about me," he said, as one stating a fact. "You will write a long article. I am sure it will be very helpful. Features articles. It will be very stimulating. Write a long article. It will be stimulating."

He stopped. The two reporters went out quietly, and closed the door behind them.

GIRL IN A YELLOW SWEATER

Girl in a yellow sweater
Gay as a daffodil,
Sprightly as April sunbeams
Tagging the breezes. Will
You always be so charming,
Such a sweet and lovely thing?
Are you always so enchanting?
Or is it only spring?

Borgny Eileraas.

Re-dedication

The long, hot, sultry day is over.

The old woman stands in the doorway, hands under her apron.

Her man is busy still in the barn, giving the animals their feed.

It has been a hard day—he, in the blistering sun, in the fields,

She, in the garden, busy with never-ending rows of carrots, peas and beets,

And then, coming indoors to the making of the meal and a hot stove.

She stands, then, in the knowledge that everything is prepared and waiting,

Letting the idle breeze, as spent as she, fan her hot cheeks,

And gazing on the objects dear to her old eyes, But sometimes, as now, the symbol of a fettered life. . .

She pauses to weave a fancy. . .

And then, from out the west there comes

The sunset, like a gipsy lass, flaunting her gay rags,

Keen-eyed, intense, spreading a magic over the evening,

And touching with that same magic the eyes of the old woman,

Who lets the last fragments of an old regret drop from her hands,

And goes, with replenished spirit, to the barn, To walk back, almost gaily, at her husband's side.

Lois Borland.

Song of the Harvester

To thee at last when heavy toil is over, When the day dreams with too much golden wine,

Bearing the warmth of earth, the scent of clover, My heart comes seeking thine.

I am the son of earth and homely living; My heritage the fields, and all my life Is strong with toil and love and ringing laughter.

Thou art my wife.

Ours are the brown earth-songs of home and prairie,

Clean as the stars and homely as the sod.

We till the earth that men may know its yieldings

-But the earth is God!

Kathleen Davidson.

City Street

I like the pensive air That settles over an old street In the dusk, Shadows that creep like thoughts Into old grooves And lie there quietly, Waiting for meditation. Wearing the twilight As an old, familiar garment, A spirit broods among the houses. Here, in the night, A presence is released Along the street. O! vigilant and pale, Where is your sleep? The last weary step Has hastened over you and gone, And you have seen The last lit window darken-Then you wake! When all the city sleeps You are astir. You listen then To sounds I cannot hear Of voices hushed long since, But to your consciousness Still vibrant in a whisper. What of the day's laughter Floating silently upon you? Do you feel In dim awareness Some faint, lingering tread Of footsteps that have passed? And still you dream, Beneath your quiet pavement, The long, slow dreams Of city streets the world over. You are wise. The strenuous hum of haste and change Impress you little. Hours remote and transient Dwell yet within you, mellowing. You grow serene and contemplative, Constantly. Your trees have longer shadows As your memory lengthens. New footprints and new voices, But one rhythm always, One pattern traced upon your dust. And that is time.

You bear your scars lightly.

Underneath the stone, Your strong heart Beats forever patiently, Compassionate for men Rehearsing little dramas Urgently upon you, And the ritual of earth. Morning will see you Smiling, inscrutable again But I shall know You have a quickened pulse Wherever eager footsteps fall. I shall not be so hesitant To leave, Assured that vaguely here upon you I remain—intangible, But something of me That you will remember. You are the child's whole world. Then his horizon goes beyond Your shelter—suddenly. You watch him go. But sometimes he returns. And this is your reward-That distant as your children go, They never quite forget you. Still you are content, Steadfast and tolerant In your devotion, Knowing, when men's casual tread, Indifferent eye, appraise you lightly, You are more to them Than yet they dream, Their street, with beckoning windows And security. And this is all the heart desires, The small hearts of men-When they are crowded, too, with life, And pensive grown, and old.

RHYME

The moon he is a great king, drinking honeyed wines,
Eating peacock pies, from golden goblets quaffing,
Decked with silk and diamonds, served by ninety concubines,
In a palace wide as heaven he sits and grows

fat with laughing.

Amy Downey.

Jean Sibbald.

No More Tomorrows

A ONE-ACT PLAY

by Amy Downey

Characters

MARIAN CHESTER—a woman about 38, still beautiful, frustrated and restless, still clinging to the dreams of her youth.

GEORGE CHESTER—a cheerful, tactless business man of about 42. Marian's husband.

CHARLES McCall—a prosperous, educated man of 40. Essentially a man of thought, not of action, with a quiet charm.

HEDWIG CHESTER—a self-possessed girl of 12 with her mother's tastes and her father's common sense.

Scene: A winter's night in the Chester living room. Door from hall at right, fireplace backstage. Sofa along left wall, straight chair between it and fireplace, easy chair to right of fireplace. Piano along right wall. The stage is empty.

(The sound of a door banged shut is heard, and stamping feet, and a moment's bustle. George and Charles enter.)

- G: What a night! In a storm like this it's a wonder I ever saw you. Here, let me take your coat. Ah! I see my wife has a fire on. It should be warm in here.
- C: Thanks, old man. You're sure I'm not intruding? I wouldn't like to bother you—if your wife and you have something else on this evening.
- G: Well, as a matter of fact, we were to go out to bridge but that was called off yesterday on account of the weather. So we have all evening to talk over old times.
- C: But that may not interest your wife. After all—
- G: Oh, I assure you, it will interest her very much. We—I have often mentioned you, believe me.
- C: Well then, I'll stay awhile. I'm due at the hotel at ten, though: I made arrangements to meet a chap there.
- G: Oh, that will be all right, fine. (Pause) I wonder where M—where my wife can be. (Calling) Hello—anyone home?

(Hedwig replies from a distance, "Here", then enters.)

- H: I'm home, Daddy. Did you just get home from work?
- G: Yes, dear, and I met an old friend on my way home. Charles, this is my daughter Hedwig. Hedwig, this is Mr. McCall.

C: I'm very glad to know you, Hedwig.

- H: How do you do. (They shake hands and smile).
- G: Where is your mother? I expected she'd be here when I got home.
- H: She went down to the dress rehearsal, since you weren't coming home to supper.

C: Is this some play?

G: Oh yes—an amateur thing.

H: It's Romeo and Juliet. (To Charles) Mother couldn't be in it, but she helped them, and tomorrow she's going to take me. I think I'll like it. We learned some of the lines already. I'm Juliet and Mother's Romeo. (Laughs) Mother is a wonderful Romeo.

C: And how about you?

G: Oh, she must have her games, you know.

- H: (impatiently) It's not games, Daddy. It's serious, and I like it. Mother says Juliet was 14, so I'm not quite old enough to do it properly, but maybe I will some day.
- G: (smiling) That's a long way off yet. Now run and do your homework.

(Exit Hedwig.)

- G: (to Charles) My wife should be home any time now, I think. Sit down and make yourself at home till then.
- C: Thanks. (He sits on the sofa and George takes the chair to the left of the fire.) Charming daughter you have.
- G: Oh, my wife thinks she has talent. Personally I believe in bringing children up the simple way—no frills or fuss.
 - C: So you finally married, did you?
- G: Oh yes. I was making enough money to support a wife and I thought it was time I settled down.
- C: That must have been nearly 15 years ago. My, how time flies! And to think we haven't met since then.

G: Well, after college, people do drift apart, I suppose.

C: And we never bothered to keep track of each other.

G: Seems a shame, somehow. Remember that history class you took with me?

- C: The one from old Simpkins with the beard? My, he used to get flustered. Remember the time you argued with him so long over one silly thing because I didn't have my homework done?
- G: And he finally caught on and shut me up in a hurry.

C: He did ask me for an answer, too, and then the bell rang.

G: (laughs heartily) What a commotion we had that day. And do you remember the play? I often laugh now, when I remember how I stuck a nail through the bottom of the throne to get even with what's his name—you know—

C: Martin, wasn't it?

G: Yes, that was it. And then the old Queen sat on it. (Laughs again) She certainly was mad.

C: She was fat and homely. Not—like some of the others.

G: You mean the girl who played the maid. (Chuckling) We certainly made fools of ourselves over her. You got along better, though. She was musical too, I remember. What was her name now?

C: (quietly) Her name was Marian. (Pause)

G: You never married?

C: No. Somehow I was always too busy or there was never the right girl at the right moment.

G: Probably you're better off. (Laughing) Why I almost envy an old bachelor like you.

C: I don't know. I'm not too old for marriage yet. But I'm quite happy as I am. Oh, sometimes I wish for someone to talk to—but one gets over that.

G: You always were a queer duck where women were concerned. Sort of—self-contained.

C: No, not really. I just could never quite make up my mind what to do. (Laughs gently.) Funny. I was rather stupid, I guess.

G: Oh, I wouldn't say that now, Charles! You were much more sensible than me—chasing every skirt in sight! And catching some too, I must say. Ah, those were the days. But now we're all older and wiser.

C: More unhappy too, perhaps.

G: Not me! What more could I ask? Pretty wife, even if she has too many ideas, nice home,

good business, secure future—I think I've done pretty well for myself.

C: You have indeed. But for me—there are other things. When I think how happy I was, twenty years ago, I find that somehow today is a mistake.

G: Oh, but twenty years is a long time ago. You've outgrown all those things.

C: Oh, yes. But was it a good idea? I sometimes wonder.

G: We were just a bunch of silly kids then. Sensible adults look on life differently.

C: Were we so silly and young? Or were we just more alive?

G: Well, for me, I've never felt more alive than today. (Chuckles) Still enjoy a good meal and a pretty girl (just passing by, of course),—and that's plenty for me.

C: I guess you're right, George. You've cer-

tainly made a success out of life.

G: I have that, my boy, I have that. Come and see this picture over the piano (They rise and go over) Good stuff, eh? It's that up-and-coming young artist's work. What's his name? You know who I mean. Cost me \$300. Quite something. My wife says it's really a great painting.

C: It is indeed. One of his best.

G: Of course I don't know much about this sort of thing myself. But I figure I should have the best. This—

(Sound of a door opening).

G: Oh, here's my wife. She'll be surprised to see you. (Raising his voice) Oh, mother! Come in and see who's here.

(Marian enters by the hall door, begins to say, "What now," sees Charles, and stops.)

M: Charles!

C: (more slowly) Marian!

G: Aha! Didn't I say she'd be glad to see you? Didn't I surprise you? See the wife I've got, Charles. Still as pretty as ever, isn't she? Well, say hello to him, Marian.

M: (gently) Hello, Charles. My, it's good

to see you.

C: It's-been a long time.

M: Much too long (Brief pause)

G: Well, what are we standing around for? Let's sit down where we can talk in comfort.

(Charles returns to the sofa, George sits in the chair on the other side of the fire, and Marian takes his former place.)

C: How was the rehearsal?

M: (surprised) The rehearsal? But how did you know?

G: Oh, Hedwig told us where you were.

C: She's a very lovely child, Marian.

M: (tenderly) She is. And intelligent too, Charles. I'm very proud of her.

G: She'll do very well if you don't spoil her.

C: But you still haven't told us how the rehearsal went.

M: Oh, quite well, considering. They want me to do the make-up tomorrow and I've been experimenting.

G: I suppose that means you won't be home

all day.

M: Well, I wouldn't anyway if I took Hedwig, and this won't take much longer. You can eat down town—I'll take Hedwig just the same.

G: And who'll look after her while you're

running around?

M: Oh, I'll take her backstage with me.

C: It's an unusual name your daughter has.

G: Yes, I thought it was silly when Marian chose it. People would think we were foreigners. But she insisted.

C: (Looking at Marian) Ibsen?

M: Yes.

G: What? Oh-

(Pause).

C: Do you still play, Marian?

M: Oh, a little. But somehow there's never time during the day, and at night it disturbs either George or Hedwig. So I really haven't kept it up very well.

C: Play something for me now.

M: What would you like?

C: Oh, you know—anything that is good. Anything you like.

M: I think I know.

(She smiles thoughtfully and goes to the piano. She sits down and after a moment begins to play softly, None But The Lonely Heart.)

G: (After eighth bar of tune) Cigarette?

C: Thanks.

(George lights both cigarettes, settles back restlessly. Charles is listening thoughtfully.)

G: (During first line of second refrain) Good piano, isn't it.

C: Very. (Pause) Good music.

G: Oh yes. Nice tune.

G: (In pause after high note in ninth bar) Nice wife, too.

C: (Listens till last phrase). Yes. You and

Marian make—a lovely couple.

(Marian returns and sits down quietly. She does not look at Charles. He says nothing.)

G: Very nice, Marian. Now, Charles, tell us all about what you've been doing in the last fifteen years. I've heard a bit, but Marian's heard nothing yet, and we'd like to know all about it.

C: There's really nothing much to tell. As you know, I got a good job with a publishing house and they liked my work. I've had promotions, and here I am. I enjoy it. It involves some travelling, but I like travelling.

M: I imagine you would meet a lot of in-

teresting people in that work.

G: Yes, authors and authoresses and that sort

of thing.

C: Yes, I have, the odd one. They're all pleasant people—rather ordinary on the whole. But of course I have my own circle of friends, quite apart from the people I meet at work.

M: You're—married, I suppose?

G: No, Marian, he never married. Said he never met anyone he liked as much as you. (Laughs) Isn't that so, Charles.

C: (Politely) There are very few women as

charming as Marian to be met.

M: (glancing angrily at them both) Oh there's no need to be so polite about it. We've known each other too long.

C: I was sincere, I assure you. George is a

very lucky man.

G: I think so myself. (Smiles lovingly at his wife.) Don't see how I ever got her. Why, I was almost afraid to bring Charles here tonight—thought he might take her away from me—you know, old flames! (Laughs heartily. The other two join him.)

(Hedwig's voice from without)

H: Mother, come and help me with my arithmetic!

M: I'll be there in a minute, Hedwig. Excuse

me, Charles.

G: No, Marian, you stay here. You've hardly seen him. You stay and talk and I'll go up and help Hedwig.

M: But-

(George leaves by the door left. There is silence in the room. Marian picks up some embroidery from a table by the chair.)

C: You make a very nice picture, sitting there

working, Marian.

M: Thank you, Charles.

(Another inconvenient pause. Charles makes a plunge.)

How did you happen to marry George, any-

way?

M: (Drops her work and looks in front of her a moment). When I left university there was no work in the line I wanted and no way to go on. I took a job as stenographer. Then Mother died. My friends had all either married or gone away.

I had no one here—no one who was close to me. (Sighs) Somehow I lost the faith in the things I'd planned, in the future I'd dreamed of, and there was nothing left. When George asked me to marry him, I said yes. He was—very kind.

C: So you lost your youthful ambitions and

settled down.

M: Yes; but I only lost them temporarily—unfortunately.

C: You used to tell me all the things you would do with that beautiful arrogance of yours.

M: I was very foolish, wasn't I?

C: No more than I-I believed you.

M: I used to try and give you some ambition. But you were always having too much fun just drifting.

C: You were very good for me. I rather

suspected I was just lazy at heart.

M: You never wanted to do anything decisive you might get into trouble for afterwards.

C: (amused) Anything which smacked of responsibility I shunned like the plague. But you were different. You always knew just what you wanted and went after it by any means. I remember your saying to me once, "You might as well take what you can get while you can—you may never be able to again."

M: And once I told you I wasn't the sort of person who waited and schemed and did everything the right way. That was the night I kissed

you in the garden. Remember?

C: Yes, but you shouldn't. You're a married woman now.

M: One likes to forget that once in a while. Tonight I'm returning to my youth, if you don't mind.

C: Oh, not at all.

M: There you go-being polite again.

C: (Smiling) I'm sorry—I don't mean to be.

M: I haven't been angry at you for such a long time. Not really since that night in the play.

C: When we danced behind scenes in the dark?

M: Now who's being indiscreet? No, the other time, two months later. You were in such good humour and I was in such a temper. You hit me in the eye with your comb and said so gaily that you begged my pardon, and I said, "You're quite welcome," in the most nasty tone of voice.

C: I remember. You were simmering and I expected you to boil over, but I couldn't figure out why. I was being very nice to you.

M: Yes, and so perfectly unconscious of the fact that I was so much in love with you I hated

you. You knew it very well, and yet you behaved so calmly—with such sublime ignorance. Can people forget things that quickly?

C: I hadn't forgotten. But somehow it was always one of the things I found it more comfortable to ignore. It interfered with our friend-

ship.

M: (bitterly) Friendship—we never had a friendship.

C: (seriously) For a while I did. Then I was jealous.

M: Jealous? You?

C: Do you remember—I don't suppose you would—one day when you came out of the library with George? I was beginning—to think some very silly things about us—and I had wanted to talk to you very much. I waited half an hour for you to finish your work. Then you came out laughing and barely glanced at me. I was hurt (laughing) and like a fool I went and asked Eileen to the last dance.

M: I never saw you then. But I wept a whole night because of her.

C: Oh, it wasn't that important.

M: It was terribly important—and you knew it was. That last night—when you asked me to dance finally—I had it taken. I almost said no, but I couldn't.

C: And we danced.

M: It seemed an eternity long, and that was too short. (*Dreamily*) You never smiled—you looked very somber.

C: And you never said a word.

M: Until it was over, and you said goodbye, and kissed me. And you said—(She stops. Charles gets up and walks over by the fireplace, not looking at her.)

M: You said you loved me, and that you would come back. And I never saw you again.

C: (With an effort at cheerfulness) So that was that.

M: Not quite. (She too gets up and goes over to the fireplace facing him.) I wrote you a letter. Afterwards. When I was desperate. You never answered.

C: I had moved—I never got it for three months. Then I never answered because I didn't know what to say. I was afraid—

M: (softly) Of what?

C: Of you, damn it! You could always make me do things I never meant to—turn my life upside down—

(He walks away and paces up and down the room).

C: Why aren't you happy with George? He's

a fine fellow-enough for any woman. He has

a good heart-

M: A good heart! I hate people with good hearts. If you could say they had intelligence or charm or beauty you would, but you drag the depths to find a complementary remark, and you say, "Aha! He has a good heart!" Good hearts! They're the ones who destroy everything worth while—everything the least bit above level. They call it immoral or crude or else nonsense. They think stars are to guide ships by, and are actresses of slightly doubtful reputation, and that love is like—yorkshire pudding. He—he cannot give me what I ask. And he will not let me free to fight for it myself. But I will have it, I will!

C: Aren't you being a little hard on George? After all, we all settle down. Even you have—

M: You think that because I am married, because I have a child, because I spend my days in dusting and cooking, that I have forgotten all the dreams I had then? Forgotten what I hoped, what I justly demanded of life? All my fine ambitions—they were my birthright, that was stolen from me. I should have had fame— and wealth— and love—yes, and you. Because I loved you so terribly.

C: But Marian, that was a long time ago!

M: No! It was only yesterday. C: We have both changed.

M: You have not changed. Always you sat on the edge of life-waiting for someone to push you in! (She comes forward to face him) Waiting for me to make you take me-and yet you were afraid to go all the way. You are still the same. And yet I envy you. You are freeto go where you will-do what you will. Even though you hesitate, and sink deeper and deeper into forgetfullness and age. Oh, you make me so angry, you men! You smoke your pipes and eat your steak and think that is living. While I see it all-what I could have-what I could do-and I am powerless to reach it. Every day for fifteen years I have watched life through bars, and had my only consolation in looking backward. I have remembered my golden days and you.

C: Marian, why are you telling me this?

M: I must say it sometime—or I'll die. Oh, Charles—

(She breaks off, near to tears, and goes back to the fireplace. She lowers her head onto her arms, leaning on the mantel with her back to the audience.)

C: (still forward, looking out at the audience as if seeing nothing) Oh, Marian, you're right.

We've made such a mess of things. I did love you—but I wasn't sure enough to do anything. Ever since then, whenever I was lonely, I'd think of you, and dream—that perhaps some day I would find you again, and we would be so happy. I suppose I should have tried to see you, but I was afraid you might not be the Marian of whom I had dreamed, and then I would have no one, not even a dream. But you have not changed—and—I love you still.

(There is a silence. Marian lifts her face and looks forward at his back. She has been crying.)

C: (suddenly, passionately) Oh, Marian, why didn't this happen fifteen years ago! Why? Why?

M: (like a child) But now—it's too late, isn't it, Charles.

C: Too late. (He sighs, recovers himself, and walks moodily back to the chair where George was sitting. He takes out his pipe without knowing exactly what he is doing. Marian is still looking forward, not at him).

M: We are old now. Old, Charles. We have lost the secret. A moment ago, I had it back. Now it is gone forever. We are old, we are old.

(Silence. Marian is still standing as she was, but Charles has moved forward by the sofa, when George enters cheerfully.)

G: Well, have you had a nice chat?

M: Very interesting, George. (With a spark of the old spirit) I'm sorry you missed it.

G: Oh well, I had him before you came, you know. Now, will you have something to eat, Charles?

C: I think not. I must get back, George. It's nearly ten and the chap I'm to meet will be waiting for me.

G: Must you really? Well, perhaps you'll drop in again. Some time when you're back in town. We'd love to see you.

C: I know you would—and perhaps I shall, but somehow I don't think it likely.

(He picks up his hat and coat and George helps him on with them. Marian stands silently by the fire. When Charles and George go towards the door she comes over too.)

G: Well, goodbye, old chap. You'll come

again, I'm sure.

M: Good evening, Charles.

C: Goodbye, Marian—and—thank you for a lovely evening.

M: (smiling, close to tears again) Don't be polite.

C: (smiles gently too) Goodbye, my dear.

M: Goodbye.

(Charles goes out, and George walks idly about the room, straightening things up. Marian

slowly goes back by the fire.)

G: Well, if he wasn't hungry, I am. I'm going out to the kitchen and make myself a sandwich. Want one, Marian? Bologna and ketchup?

M: No thank you.

(George goes out left. There is a silence. His voice comes in from the kitchen)

G: Guess I'll take the car tomorrow, Marian. M: (to herself) Tomorrow, tomorrow there are no more tomorrows.

(Hedwig enters silently)

H: Mother, are we really going to Romeo and Juliet tomorrow? I told Mr. McCall we were. He was interested.

M: Why, Hedwig-I thought you were in bed long ago.

H: Mother, you've been crying! What's the

M: (smiling) Nothing, dear. I was just remembering something—that happened a long time ago. But now I have you.

(They go out together.) CURTAIN

Harvest

You mingle with the many moving faces. I numbly watch you go, desperate for a miracle. that will transform the elusive charm of you into a gem that I can hide near to my heart, and touch, and look at, sometimes, when you are gone. But it will not come: in my pain-hot hand I clutch a pearl that is only a tear drop and cannot reflect your face. And I want to cry out for the dread that the shy tender smile of your lips, and the winsome quest of your eyes, will tremble and vanish. For see! A wand, a magician's wand the officer bears, wafting away the boy I have known, for a soul-ebbed stranger.

Oh, and I am afraid that when the guns are still, and we walk again together under the stars, and through blue woods, I will know no warming pressure of your hand when elves laugh eerily, for in the lingering echo of far-off sounds, you will not hear them. And I am afraid that an unreal world will hold you with phantom fingers, feigning a presence more imposing perhaps, than shadows of old-hid delights smiling into your truth-dimmed eyes and startled with strangeness. And yet, I know

that just for a moment, in our dear familiar dusk with the strength of the sweet hush about us, that alien ghost will flee guiltily, and across your lips there will pass the flicker of an old smile, and the stars will come out in your eyes and then,

I will hear music.

Kathleen Dupuis.

Reconciliation

Gold-washed days. Light grey haze. And purple haze Of harvest.

Golden wheat Billowing in August breezes. Golden kernels. Nut-brown kernels-Millions pouring from grain spout to granary In the mellow September Weather.

Heart-thrill Of driver As wagon clatters and bumps, Raising the white dust,— The white dust.

The harvester joys in the touch of wheat, In the warm fragrant smell of wheat; He thrills in the orange and purple dawn With its refreshing airs; And he thrills as the wheat dust Drifts slowly from the combine In the stillness of sunset.

Leslie Jenkins.

Reverie

by MARY WINTER

The wind was extremely cold for the latter part of April. He pulled down his cap and jerked up his mackinaw collar, first on one side, then on the other with his free hand. In the other he held the reigns of his five steady plodders. Old Joe wondered as he jogged along what could be the use of it all. His mood was as dismal as the sky above him. This was the twenty-fifth time he had seeded a crop and what had he gained? Looking past forty acres of seeded ridges, beyond a strip of virgin prairie where he often tethered his cows and their this year's calves, Joe gazed critically at his home. A small white house surrounded by a hard-won but straggly grove, a big red barn, scattered sheds and granaries—was this enough to have accomplished in twenty-five years?

One of the pioneers, he had come west with big ideas and burning ambition. Surely in this rich black loam there was a fortune. The WEST, the WEST . . . a hidden treasure, a rainbow's end called and he answered. Without experience he could not know that patience must be his first investment. Nature will not be coesced nor exploited, but only nutured. He swung his eyes forward to guide his horses, then resumed his dreaming. He thought of his arrival on this land, his homestead. He had at first been awestruck by this bold rolling land, but had built a shack on the most likely looking spot and proved up. He shivered at memories of his first winter; the loneliness, coyotes howling in the valley, days when he looked out to see the wide expanse of snow lifting and swirling, drifting all day long. It had seemed that he alone stood still and all else was moving with the wind.

The end of the field again—Joe pulled up to the wagon to fill his drill. This done he climbed aboard, gave Nell a resounding slap with the reins (she always lagged), and started another round. His thoughts had certainly gone off on a dreary tangent that last round, he thought. His first years had not been all shadows, there were many gay lights in his memory. The way that young chap just over from England tried to farm— the poor fellow seemed to approach every problem from the wrong angle and was the object of much fun. Farming must be very different over there—imagine anyone thinking that to have the share sharpened, the whole

plough must be dragged twenty miles to the blacksmith's shop! Still they had to hand it to Bill, through sheer persistence he had got on. Each year brought more settlers, some fortunate enough to have wives. The community was born in the construction of the churches, the school and the community hall. Its pulse quickened when the railway came through and linked it with the outer world. One train a week, what a difference it made. Thinking back Joe could see how the divisions of his year, seeding, haying, harvest, lull, gradually became interspersed with community events. In May there was the Field Day, in July the Homemakers' picnic, in October a series of chicken suppers. Non-participation was not only unpardonable but undreamed of. He had become a part of a greater life.

Quitting time. The wind had blown the clouds back so that the sun shone, low in the west. As Joe straightened his back from undoing the last tug he saw that his house too, had golden windows. Full realization struck him that he no longer desired great fortunes. To live in harmony with his neighbors, to observe the beauties of nature and live by her goodness, to have children feel his pockets for candy and caress his weathered cheek when they found some—surely the satisfaction of these is greater. He stalked along the dusty road; his body was weary but his heart was light. The question which had been gnawing at his peace of mind was answered, and in that answer, the WEST had lost none of its promise.

Galleons

Out of the mines of rich Peru O'er wind-swept waves, across the Main The Spanish galleons drew their gold Unto the land of Spain.

So too, the galleon of the moon Through seas of night, by cloudy bars, Goes sailing with its wealth of gold Unto some land of stars.

Spain's ships no longer sail the sea, In centuries past their journies ceased; But still the lonely moon-ship bears The treasures of the East.

Mac Coleman.

When Knighthood Was in Baking Soda

(recipe a la Ogden Nash)

Isn't it funny to think that castles were once lived in and had garbage,

Which was very unsanitary because they didn't cart it away and had

no disinfectant to put on the larvage,

And knights rode around in armor,

Which was intended to protect you from harm or Inflict it, and if a fellow knight slapped you on the back and said

Hi Chum,

It nearly killed you, and isn't it a pity you didn't know about Aluminum.

You rode around on a very old style Chevrolet, Which didn't need tires but sometimes rolled on you and ate hay,

And witches went about turning you into frogs and things by very offensive spells,

And trumpets were used for doorbells.

And you had moats at your front door step, which is as good a place as any to get a wetting,

And ladies went around in glorified mosquito netting,

And being shy and demure,

Although they had never heard of Lifebuoy or a sewer.

And in the basement of every castle

They had several dungeons for every vassal,

Which probably would have been you for England was ruled by minorities,

And they had all the priorities,

And locked you up and tortured you with ropes and fire and racks

If you didn't pay your income tax.

Which only goes to show that society is always lopside,

And it's always best to be on the top side.

Amy Downey.

To All Those Aspiring To Be Engineers

Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Greek letters they must

For making use of them in Physics is very Greek to me.

We've twenty some odd letters in our alphabet, I think,

Yet we must borrow letters from a language long extinct.

We Gamma this and Beta that and Sigma all the rest,

And we Sigma up our chances of passing in a

Now I know in mathematics that a U is just

With a tiny number added, so we call it Nu-u-two,

And then if to this Nu-u-two, we add a Nu-u-

Why we've got a new Nu-u-two, and we call it Mu-u-one.

Oh yes! if in our sigmas we have made a slight mistake,

Why, just add a little Delta and that will close the break;

But when we've added Delta we're not sure what we've got,

It seems to me it's nothing but a lot of tommy-

Still Newton, who invented this, was a very clever man,

And used it to advantage when he got into a jam. So if your calculations seem to vary from the

Throw in a little Delta—and I don't mean river mouth.

Now there's Omega and Omicron, and Epsilon

And Zeta, Eta, Theta, and Phi, and Chi, and Xi.

So friends, Greeks and countrymen, lend me your eyes and ear,

Just take your pick from this matrix and you'll be an engineer.

Frank C. Monkhouse.

Sisters of the Night

The moon in the sky Walks silently by With a star at the tip of her wand. The other goes dancing And skipping and prancing Over the floor of the pond. And the moon in the sky Walks the night away While the shimmering moon on the pond Lets her bright feet fly Till the break of day Whisks her off to the shadows beyond.

Borgny Eileraas.

Smile and Be a Villain

by Jean Sibbald

There is an old story that Coleridge was interrupted in writing his famous "Kubla Khan", by a man at the door, selling shoelaces. And the story was never completed, because the poet could never recapture the mood. Well, I have always felt this obscure salesman to be maligned more than his due. "Kubla Khan's" witchery is partly its unfinished state, and besides, it is highly probable that Coleridge needed a new pair of shoelaces. When I began my canvassing career, I decided to keep an eye out for wild poets whom I might interrupt and thus achieve notoriety, even as Coleridge's salesman. I must confess, however, that, if I did succeed in disturbing any genuine poets, they certainly didn't look the conventional part. Most customers had their hair combed to prosaic perfection, and, if they had a fanatical gleam in their eyes, it was usually from being unable to find the evening paper, and not from divine inspiration. This was rather disappointing. To be sure, there was one distracted, moonstruck-looking gentleman who behaved in a most delirious, incoherent fashion. Here, I thought in triumph, is my poet! But it turned out I had interrupted the Lux Radio Theatre, and not a poetic frenzy.

The canvasser does, however, encounter persons engaged in the most unpredictable occupations, and engulfed in the most unexpected moods. I remember one inscrutable individual, who, on my arrival, was employed in carrying rocks from one end of his garden to the other. Not little stones. Rocks. He betrayed no sign of emotion, nor did he seem aware that anyone had entered his gate. He was oblivious to insinuating coughs. Swerving neither to the right nor the left, he plodded deliberately to and fro, with the stolid, mechanical precision of a sleepwalker, his gaze fixed on the earth. One had a feeling that he would continue, imperturbably, to carry rocks, despite flood, fire, cyclone, earthquake, or (especially) canvassers. I watched the performance, fascinated, while he made several trance-like trips. I hesitated to speak, for fear he dropped a rock on his toe. I reflected with Milton that they also serve who only stand and wait. Finally, since I did not relish the prospect of spending the night, ignored, in that weird atmosphere, I broke the spell. He showed no surprise, either at my presence or at my mission. He silently continued his pilgrimages with the rocks, and I conducted a soliloquy whenever he came within hearing distance. Somewhat desperately, at last, when he was returning from one expedition, I gasped my ultimate, point-blank question, and was never more amazed than when he became articulate for one brief moment. Then, impassively as ever, he reverted to the rocks. This was my final glimpse of him, and, for all I know, he is still pursuing the even tenor of his way.

And then there are the people with dogs. These are the bane of the canvasser's existence. Dogs, like women, are born with some inherent antipathy for canvassers. It is a deep, natural resentment which time can neither subdue, nor experience erase. Dogs which would permit burglars to abscond with all the family silver, will foam at the mouth when they see a canvasser. They recognize him by an intuition which can penetrate any disguise, whether it be that of Frankenstein or Mahatma Ghandi. These ferocious beasts sit, sphinx-like but poised for action, guarding their sacred precincts, with an expression which says to canvassers, "Enter if you dare!" The canvasser has not much to choose between a chance sale and being devoured. I met only one inoffensive dog while canvassing, and the sole reason for his tranquillity was that I released him from life-long imprisonment. He was too preoccupied with freedom for attack. When I opened the porch, he leaped out with a yelp of pure glee, and vanished down the street as though he had never known the wide, open spaces. Apparently, indeed, he had not, for an instant later, the outraged lady of the house descended on me. "Oh! We never let the dog out!" I realized that I had committed the unpardonable sin, and that my overtures would not be popular. But I often gratefully remember that one dog in all my travels, who appreciated me for reasons other than voracious. I think of him, robbed of his rightful heritage of fresh air, back alleys, and canine companionship, and I frequently hope he is frolicking yet.

It is an interesting phenomenon that men are far more susceptible to canvassers than women are. Corner any man smoking his pipe in his garden on a summer evening, and he has no resistance whatsoever. Praise his radishes and he

melts. He makes inane jokes at which both he and the canvasser laugh heartily, but for different reasons. He overflows with affability toward all the world. He is so soft-hearted and defenceless that the canvasser frequently feels ashamed of himself for taking advantage of one in such a gullible mood. Even behind their desks in the daytime, men have feeble, if any, resistance. They seem to react to a canvasser as to a stimulant. When they see one approach, they promptly put on a show for his benefit. Like Chaucer's lawyer, they wish to appear busier than they are. They rattle off reams of technical terms, they bark out imposing orders to harassed, frantic stenographers; they fly from one pealing telephone to another, they set the office in a dither, they ruffle up their feathers into something as brisk, bustling, business-like and important as any son of Adam could hope to achieve. When they think the waiting canvasser is sufficiently impressed, they send for him, and with a flourish of exuberant magnanimity, they write him a scarcely legible cheque. Business men actually glory in canvassers, though they would never admit it. Secretly they would feel bereaved if the canvasser became a species extinct. Nothing could quite compensate for the genial satisfaction, the benevolent glow, of granting his petition. After such a deed, they go back to the ceremonial fuss of their little office worlds, feeling more important, more secure, and more amiable than ever. For the vast majority of self-respecting men, the word "No" does not exist to be applied to canvassers. In gratifying them, the masculine ego is simultaneously, and by some peculiar process, gratified also. Observe the apologetic air with which men tender a refusal, if there is no loophole for acceptance. They feel positively humiliated. Contrast this timid compunction with their wives' abrupt efficiency in disposing of canvassers. The ladies find it inordinately easy to say "No", and to say it with emphasis. There is no doubt that a canvasser invariably brings out the shrew in every woman. Perhaps she is more frequently subjected than her husband to these annoying visitations. Perhaps she feels herself more susceptible and hence builds up a greater resistance. Perhaps it is an ancient hostility running obscurely back to Eden and the serpent tempting Eve toward an apple, against her better judgment, and to her later remorse. Certain it is that every woman regards every canvasser with suspicion and instinctive animosity. There is some curious, irreconcilable element forever between the two. Thus it is that

a woman's refusal is more vehement and dogmatic than her husband's, and her acceptance is more grudging and martyred.

Usually unfortunate and seldom successful are the canvasser's two initial interviews. In the first, he is too meek; in the second, he is too belligerent. He goes forth, effervescent with ambition and optimism, pathetic in his presumption. Though he is still happily ignorant of the fact, the first name on his list is always that of an overwhelming, arrogant female who resembles the Wyf of Bathe and who is guaranteed to take the wind out of the most enthusiastic canvasser's sails. He advances innocently toward her door, as a lamb to the slaughter. He knocks briskly, efficiently, as a result of painstaking practice. He assumes his most cordial, benevolent expression. The door opens abruptly and an austere matron materializes in his awareness. In tones of frigid interrogation, she pronounces one sinister word, "Well?" The effect is devastating. The canvasser hears his doom in that staccato utterance. His poise is shattered. His audacity is paralyzed. Considerably crestfallen and in a slightly hysterical condition, he beats an inglorious retreat. But the iron has entered into his soul. The approach to the second name on his list resembles the charge of the Light Brigade. This is why you must not be surprised sometime, if a dazed and violent canvasser erupts into your peaceful evening with an indignant, accusatory attitude, as if you had stained his honour, which he is now determined to avenge. Do not misconstrue his furious defiance, his aggressive insolence! You must simply realize that you are the second name on his list, and try to be as soothing and agreeable as possible.

The canvasser is undoubtedly the world's supreme authority on the different ways of saying, "No." Refusal can be either hurled, flung, tossed, or blandly conveyed. The delusion that a canvasser is ever rapturously received soon vanishes, and familiarity breeds not contempt, but a philosophic acceptance of the fading smile, the laconic word. Until he has received his baptism of a prolonged fire of "No's", the uninitiated canvasser takes each refusal as a personal insult. But he rapidly loses his sensitivity and puts on the whole armour of the canvasser. He acquires the shield of passive equanimity, the helmet of stoic nonchalance, and the sword of callous composure. Rather than a procrastinating promise, he frequently prefers one swift, irrevocable "No", which can inspire admiration by the very magnificence of its blunt candour.

After receiving one such unmistakable, unqualified, reliable "No". the canvasser is wont to close the gate with reverence, saying, "There dwells a man who knows his own mind." Some "No's" are infinitely more gracious than some "Yes's". Several charming "No's" still echo warmly and pleasantly for me. And I met a few "Yes's" which rankle yet in patronizing condescension. Consent varies likewise with personality. It can dart out with alacrity, ooze out with reluctance, or drift out with tired resignation. It is true that there are a few hardy souls from whom you must drag or coax consent, extract is as you would a tooth, but people, for the most part, have a lightning reaction to your proposition, and will not be swayed afterwards by further tyranny, flattery or supplication.

Perhaps my most poignant experience was that of inadvertently robbing a child's bank. I protest that I did not intentionally commit this crime. The woman was very agreeable and I was elated over the sale when, to my horror, she called back into the house, "Take the money out of Tommy's bank." My mercenary instinct for the sake of the cause prevailed over my sense of honour, though I am still not sure that it should have. I am sure that Tommy would not appreciate my rationalizing, and my conscience bothers me to this day. The canvasser, indeed, runs the risk of becoming seriously demoralized. He learns the evil arts of making stubborn victims squirm, of accepting generosity as though he were conferring a favour, and of unblushingly asserting his cause to be the salvation of the world. He spends enjoyable, vindictive hours, looking up synonyms for disagreeable adjectives. He provides himself with an unchivalrous formula, capable of uttering itself impressively, whether the canvasser's state of mind at the moment be one of awe, apprehension, or anguish. This technique gives him a sense of dynamic power, even when confronted by the most formidable door. It hypnotizes customers into compliance, before they can build up any resistance. But there is still hope for the ethics of the canvasser, if he is tolerant of human inadequacies and eccentricities. A sense of humour is his redeeming feature. In it, too, he can find his inalienable reward. He may stumble home wearily at night with a bruised ego and a battered pride, a compromised conscience, a hoarse voice and sore feet, but there is balm in Gilead. He has had an unique opportunity to study human nature, unvarnished, and in the raw. A psychological microscope is where you find it and requires no apology for its use. Who is so completely genuine and authentic, who is so utterly devoid of artifice or polite hypocrisy, as the housewife, called from the basement, where she is doing the Monday wash with a recalcitrant machine? The canvasser's intimate glimpses into the comedy and tragedy of the commonplace persuade him that the family across the lane may be as sensational or appealing as any family in literature.

There was that inimitable lady who informed me that her husband had a great many more important things to attend to than the cause for which I was canvassing. I departed absolutely convinced that she was right. There is also that quaint, exclusive type which insists on communicating in pantomime, through the window of a closed door. One degree more irritating are the households where no one will answer the doorbell, and yet the canvasser can hear the radio merrily going within. After abusing his thumb and knuckles beyond repair, he is driven to the conclusion either that every person in that house is stone deaf (which is unlikely) or that they are purposely ignoring him (which is uncivil.) And who could forget the estimable matron who poked her head out and said severely, "I don't want any books."? As it happened, I was not selling books, though I had one under my arm. There are also those inevitable patrons who feel compelled to be jocular. They will enquire if you can change a hundred dollar bill. If they are clipping the hedge as you approach their house, and you ask whether Mr. Jones is in, they will say, "Well, I'm not in, am I?" Such behavior however, puts them in a roaring good humour and is to be encouraged by every ambitious canvasser. The greatest menace which threatens the canvasser is a self-locking verandah door, belonging to people who have gone out of town for the week-end, or, perhaps, for the summer. If it is then only the first of June, and the house is isolated and surrounded by enormous evergreens, the situation has gruesome possibilities. Viewed calmly, in the mild light of retrospect, it seems easily solvable. If the worst came to the worst, one could always resort to hurling flower pots through the windows. But it is not difficult to be wise after the event. When this happened to me, I experienced sufficient claustrophobia to last me the rest of my life. I had grim visions of slow starvation and a lonesome death. The owners of the house would return in magnificent health from their vacation, to find the corpse of a canvasser adorning

their verandah. And everybody would think it was such a pity, because no one could ever really feel comfortable on that verandah again, haunted, as it probably was, by the implacable, cantankerous ghost of a frustrated canvasser. In the midst of these morbid reflections, I accidentally fathomed the secrets of the automatic lock, and so escaped. Any canvasser, of course, may be exposed to such exhausting experiences. It is obvious that the canvasser has much to contend with, and must be a well-balanced composite of Superman, Cyrano de Bergerac, Socrates, Clark Gable, Machiavelli, and Dale Carnegie.

Milton probably had a canvasser in mind when he observed,

"That two-handed engine at the door Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Whether the canvasser possesses absolute integrity is questionable, but he is not necessarily a hypocrite, and he must be accepted as a permanent, if irksome, type in society. He is undoubtedly regarded as a nuisance by many tolerant citizens. Never believe that he is not acutely conscious of his attitude, and his awareness of his unpopularity is responsible for any misanthropic or homicidal tendency which he displays. Yet I am persuaded that a canvasser need not decay into a melancholy figure of corrupt, jaded cynicism. If he preserves a whimsical indulgence for human faults, foibles, and freakishness, he will emerge sane, serene, and unabashed. It is possible for his ideals and his enthusiasm to survive almost intact. In fact, it is often the much abused and scourged canvasser who challenges any attack on the essential goodness of human nature. Rather than disillusionment, he frequently finds his faith renewed. He discovers that, although many people have an opportunity for rudeness, very few take advantage of it. And they usually have some redeeming, feature, such as gorgeous hollyhocks, which disarms one's indignation. In all likelihood, they have an entirely adequate, if unapparent, reason for their conduct. Many people, also, receive a canvasser with the same deference as they would a king. And the canvasser, of course, owes his existence to the fact that people can rarely refuse an outright appeal to their generosity. Despite his satirical diatribe against mankind, the canvasser privately cherishes a genuine respect and a real affection for humanity, perverse or otherwise. He acquires a sincere appreciation of John Citizen's courtesy and his liberality, which are often more in evidence on the wrong side of the tracks than in the handsome realm of the elite.

Among his kaleidoscopic impressions, the canvasser will treasure his informal, back-lane glimpses into people's lives. Like Ulysses, he becomes a part of all that he has met. He will remember his travels among the city's labyrinth of streets in the garish brightness of warm, June days, the cool refreshment of calm, June evenings, and in the veiled, quiet rain. Long after he has forgotten that discouraging, hot Saturday afternoon, he will gratefully recall the little, wrinkled sympathetic lady in her stifling greenhouse, who rewarded him with his one success and revived him with her smile. When the canvasser is old, decrepit, and mellow, no longer possessed of sufficient guile or energy to pursue his exalted profession, he will perhaps relax in the sunshine and ponder all these things in his diabolical but wistful heart.

Panorama of Vancouver

Populous city, cuddling the feet of the mountains,

Curled there with a scarf of mist over your bosom,

Reposing peacefully as a maiden of old— As languorously as Cleopatra must have lain, But with a mind as busy and a heart as tumultuous

As hers, for all her deceptive serenity.

A steamer glides into the bay; the ferry
Gives a mock dragon-call, nosing into dock;
The din of rivetting, the scream of saws,
The sucking of the water at the wharves,
The hum of motors, shrieks of gulls,
The calls of boats and trains all merge
And form into a dockside harmony.
But more—far back, a melody
Creeps in, the City's own; a tramp of feet,
A whining protestation from its trams,
Gearing of cars, a railway's busy clangor,
The low persistent hum that tells
Of things unnumbered being shaped and
made . . .

Populous city, let your song be flung Upon the passing breezes, theirs to flaunt And use for conversation as they will; But though the pitch may soar and swell and grow,

Reflect sometimes upon your transiency, For even yonder mountains have not seen More than a moment of eternity.

Lois Borland.

Ode to Flight

Part I—The Challenge
Is life so cruel, so hard to bear,
Oh modern youth, that you despair?
Cry out in vain that life is harsh
That living is to dare
The terrors of a modern world.
You are not heard.
You will be told the world is young,
The days are long, the hour begun
Is but a heartbeat in an eternal life.
Cry out in vain, 'twill not prevail,
Your moment has not come. In one brief hour
The field is never won, and battles fierce
Await you to the end.

The times are grim, the day is long,
And you, oh modern youth, are wrong
To think that now you will succeed
In gaining in one hour
The final goal, the victory.
'Twill not be done.
You have not seen the bloody field,
Nor heard the cannons roaring deep,
You have not felt the tearing, rocking pain
Nor seen the broken, dying men
Go slowly to their sleep. Awake, oh youth,
And see what bitter battles, long and fierce
Await you to the end.

Part II—The Answer

They saw no blood, nor heard the moans
Of wounded crying, nor the groans
Of dying men who had no chance
Of living till the dawn.
This modern youth heard not the call
Of death and war.
They raised their tawny heads aloft
And gazed with wonder at the sky;
They saw with awe the gleaming, silver wings,
And dreamed their dreams of wheeling birds,
And wished that they could fly. This modern
youth

Knew naught of battles, bitter, long and fierce, Nor heard the voice of war.

They dreamed their dreams of wings on high, Saw not the blood, heard not the cry
Of those who fell so far below
Upon the bitter earth.
This modern youth forgot their cares
On silver wings.
But strange to tell, the hour was theirs,
The battle fought was in the sky,

And those below were forced to wait and watch While up above the turmoil raged 'Mongst wheeling birds on high. They won the field

And now they fly determined to achieve

Their final goal, their victory.

Elias W. Mandel.

In Days of War

O Love, what paths are thine
Over the broken world,
Through wounds in the wheat's full golden
breast
And flames along the wold.

(O rain-light feet that stirred my heart To burning roses, kissed apart!)

O Love, what burdens fall Upon thy tender hands, Bombs for the silent starlit town And fragrant night-blown lands.

(O gentle hands that smoothed the hair Of sleep-soft children by thy chair!)

O Love, what visions loom Before thy tired eyes, Of sweet-browed women, dark with pain, Where faith dims out and dies.

(Thy faith was tall and beautiful As tapers when the flame is full.)

O Love, what faith can tower Over this hurtling life, When death is the air we breathe, And heaven the field of strife?

—Thy faith which goes forth mightily to death, Remembering roses and a baby's breath. Kathleen Davidson.

O God above,
I give Thee thanks
For life, and love,
For sunshine and bright days,
For cedar trees, tips bending
'Neath the snow,
For blue of shadows
On a winter eve.

Grace Tomlinson

Seven Minutes...

by Lorna Jean Ferguson

In a Freshette's Mind

"Oh, the bell! Thank heaven Latin's over for another two days. Didn't have to translate this morning either. Probably I'll have to next time. Wish I knew what he'd ask me for so I woudn't have to prepare it all! Gee whiz. I 'hate and despise' Latin far more than Hanno ever hated Hannibal. Why did I ever take it anyway?

Oh, I must hurry and get this coat on so I can walk over with Bunny! Darn this belt! I'll have to get a new one. It's too small, that's what the trouble is. Gosh! Mom will have ten dozen catfits when I tell her how much I've gained, and she thought I was fat when I started Varsity! It's the cheap food we kids eat—macaroni and rice! There, it's done up.

Well! Bunny's gone again. You'd think she might wait for me. Funny how I like Bunny. Guess it's because she's so smart. A's in everything. Gee, however am I going to tell Pop about flunking in Bugs test. He'll be so disappointed. Oh, dear, there's Myrtle, full of gossip as usual I'll be bound.

Gosh it's cold out. Should wear these undies Mom sent, I guess. Sure hate to, though—they're so bulky!

Oh, there's Boris Henley! Wish he'd look at me. Baby, is he ever handsome! I'd like to know how a girl can make a guy think she's 'it'. He doesn't even know there is a Susan Morley on the campus. Doggone the luck!

Oh, there's Happy over there, and Mary isn't with him. I hope she isn't going to be late again. This sharing books business isn't so good, but I hate carrying my books when I've got to take my lab. equipment.

Wow! I'm all out of breath. These people walk so fast. Wonder if Myrtle said anything important. I didn't hear a word—she rambles on so!

Hmm, nice looking guy holding the door open for me. Looks a bit like Joe. Wonder if Joe's going to ask me to go to the big dance this week. I didn't treat him very nice last night, but gosh, does a girl have to mug in order to get a dance?

Well! What nerve! Someone's taken my hanger. I always use that one! Their coat can jolly well hang on top of this one, I'm not giving up my hanger.

There! I can breathe again! That belt really is too tight. Makes me feel like Snow White.

Oh, Mary is here after all! What is it we were to have read today? Hope he doesn't ask me a question. But I still think Keats said four just to rhyme with score.

Gee, I'll have to be careful not to fall asleep again. It was just my bad luck he had to ask me a question that time. It's the only time I fell asleep in his class at all, too. Gee, in Bugs I sleep half the time. Likely I'll flunk it in April. Oh well, maybe not.

Oh, there's June Markely (must be in time for the bell). She's all painted up, as usual. You'd think she was dressed for a party. Don't know how she keeps warm with those thin stockings and she never wears overshoes.

Well, there's the professor and there's the bell. Here we go again.

Fresh brown toast with pungent odor,
Jam for sweet'ning, crimson red,
Melted butter oozing slowly
Through the crispness of the bread;
And the smell of washed clothes drying,
Clean cool dampness in the sun,
At the back of ordered dwellings
By green lawns where children run;
Smooth soft sheets when you are tired,
Then the freshness of the dawn—
These are foods for hungry spirits,
Give us courage to go on.

Grace Tomlinson.

Faith

You who dug holes
And buried your faith in them,
Long ago when the wisdom of youth was upon
you,
Go alone into the night and climb a hill
Until you reach the summit.

There is stillness...
And suddenly your faith springs up
Into a towering star-tree heavy with flowers,
Tremulous, misty,

Filling the dark with strange white beauty . . . Light!

Kathleen Davidson.

ARTISTS OF SASKATCHEWAN

Robert Hurley
Horace G. Parker
Mashel Teitlebaum
Ernest Lindner
Noni Mulcaster
L. G. Saunders
Photography

** Last year The Sheaf Supplement presented a Saskatchewan Art Section for the first time. Its success encouraged the editors of this year's Supplement to continue with this fine work.

This year's section differs from last year's in that none of the works presented have appeared before in any publication, amateur or professional. As a result it is not so large as last year's section, but in publishing these new works it avoids repetition and builds upon the ground work of last year's effort.

Three new artists are added to our "gallery"—Horace G. Parker, Mashel Teitlebaum and Noni Mulcaster. The latter two are just embarking upon their careers and examples of their works are here presented to the public for the first time.



LUNAR SYMPHONY

ROBERT HURLEY



ELEVATOR NO. 7

ROBERT HURLEY

** One of the most constant, understanding, and sincere painters of the prairie scene is Robert Huxley, water colorist. Anyone under the impression that the West is monotonous or uninspired needs only spend an hour or so with Hurley landscapes or talking with Mr. Hurley himself to be convinced otherwise. His purpose is to interpret the prairie scene in all its moods, in all its aspects.

Mr. Hurley has had two displays in Vancouver. His work has been accepted for two consecutive years by the

Ontario Society of Artists.



ENERGY SPENT

HORACE G. PARKER

** Horace G. Parker is one of Saskatoon's artists deserving of greater recognition. Born in Staffordshire, England and at present a civic employee, he has been painting original work only since 1934.

Mr. Parker's best works are oils or lino cuts. Still life is also a strong point. Energetic, perceptive and possessed of good craftsmanship, he has harvested most of his subject matter within the limits of the city of Saskatoon. "Energy Spent" is one of his best lino cuts. The weariness, monotony and spirit-killing effect of industrial life is effectively portrayed.



THE GUITAR PLAYER

MASHEL TEITLEBAUM

** Mashel Teitlebaum is one of Saskatoon's youngest and most promising artists. Essentially a portrait painter, his work is characterized by a deep sympathy, and at its best, as "The Guitar Player" above, it portrays moments of intense inner experience, catching at the same time the central core of the personality of his subject. In a calmer mood his studies are more reflective, displaying, however, a fine insight into human character.



PRAIRIE RIVER

ERNEST LINDNER



HAVEN ERNEST LINDNER

** Ernest Lindner is known both here and abroad, not only as a painter, but also for his interest in western art. Saskatoon's leading art teacher, he has encouraged and stimulated many younger artists.

As a painter he is gifted with great versatility. Portraits, landscapes and abstract works are all included among his works. Technically he is one of the province's most mature and completely developed artists. Philosophically he attempts to reveal the universal, the ultimate principle that exist behind all the transient forms of nature.

Mr. Lindner has exhibited at the Royal Academy and Ontario Society of Artists exhibition as well as throughout the West.



FIRST UP

L. G. SAUNDERS



BACK STAGE

L. G. SAUNDERS

** The photographs of Dr. L. G. Saunders have become internationally famous, having been published in many well-known magazines, including Coronet, The National Geographical and The Studio. A member of the Biology Department of the University of Saskatchewan, he is also a Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society of London, England.



LINOCUT

Noni Mulcaster

** Miss Noni Mulcaster is an Arts and Science graduate of the University of Saskatchewan. At present she is teaching art in Prince Albert. Her specialty is the instruction of children and her ability in this line was revealed by the exhibitions of some of her pupils' works held in Saskatoon this winter.

Miss Mulcaster is modern in her ideas of painting. Her landscape technique is exceptionally so. At the outset of her career, she gives promise of many fine works to come. Very fond of horses, Miss Mulcaster finds in them good subject for art as is evidenced by the fine lino cut above.

July, 1942

What though thou art faithless,
I still will walk proudly,
What though thou has failed me,
I will not be stirred,
To the vain world as judge
I will never cry loudly
That I am forsaken,
Who trusted thy word.

What though all the kisses
I cherished were hers?
And glances of tenderness
Touch me no more?
What though all your faith
To her name now refers?
And that love is gone
Which no time can restore?

Thy heart is bound
By emotion far stronger
Than that by which vainly
For her you are moved,
I too have loved vainly,
But do so no longer;
The pain is too great
For who loves as I loved.

With deep love and true love
Whose course never falters
Whose strength the swift years
Yet more firmly shall prove,
With love that no circumstance
Touches or alters,
So, friend of my heart
It is written we love.

The world may cry faithless,
And watch me with pity,
I will no deliver
My soul to the crowd;
Though lesser love go,
To the greater thou must be
Faithful forever,
So I will walk proud.
Amy Downey

Dream of a Fair Woman by CLARE

Geoffrey Wyland leaned wearily against the side of the alcove and beheld with satiated eyes the spectacle before him-a cocktail party in full swing. Jeff really had no business being in the alcove-he was the guest of honor-but to him the honor was hardly welcome. He had come because Don Scott had asked him to, and Don and he had been in college together. However while Scott had gone on to become a prominent doctor, Jeff had remained a country lawyer, leading a very quiet life until the recent publication of the now famous Pamela poems. Which poems had made him very happy for a while, but at the moment he felt more like cursing them. An afternoon being gushed at, distresses the most hardy male, and Jeff was rather sensitive about exposing things he loved to the public.

He managed to catch Don's eye and Don came over.

"Let's go home, Don. I'm sick of this business."

Don grinned.

"Rather ghastly, isn't it? But I had a very special reason for bringing you today, and she isn't here yet, so you'll just have to wait."

"Not the one and only, Don, surely?"

"No, indeed. As a matter of fact she's married. Just a very close friend of mine. But she loves your poems, and I've told her a great deal about you—she's the one I share my pride in you with. She feels as if she has a proprietary interest too."

"If she's one of this lot of unconscious morons," said Jeff rather bitterly, "I hardly think I'll have much in common with her. But I'll wait."

"You won't regret it. And she isn't much like these—not really though she may look like it for a moment. Down underneath that society veneer, she's wonderful. She has glorious possibilities, Jeff, but she's wasted here, and all the finer things she is capable of are being stifled. I blame her husband. He's a nice chap, and she is rather fond of him, but he has no interest in a home and companionship and a family. He isn't her equal in depth and intelligence, and she is constantly lonely. I wish I could explain her, but I can't. She's rather like a child who will love anyone for a kind word, but she never

gets it, so she follows her husband to this sort of thing, hoping that some day she'll find what she wants, with him, or elsewhere. She's hard, because she's been hurt, but underneath she's really like your Pamela—that Pamela you refuse to tell me anything about. I don't like to insist, Jeff, but it seems to me these poems were written about someone very important to you, and that you'd be better if you got the whole business off your chest."

"Sorry, Don, but I'd rather not. It's a very simple story—and it hasn't ended, yet. I hope the ending will be happy, but right now, I haven't much hope."

"All right, Jeff; you know best. But there's Mrs. Vance calling me; I'll leave you to think about her."

Yes, think about her, thought Jeff; when do I ever do anything else? Only her name isn't Pamela; it's even lovelier—Diana. And she is a goddess. I loved her from the very first moment—

Coming up in the elevator Jeff noticed he had company—a girl in a tweed suit with a couple of bags. When she got off at his floor, he offered to carry them for her, and she thanked him politely. She stopped in front of the door next to his apartment, and he exclaimed,

"Why, you must be my new next door neighbour! Mine's the next apartment back."

She smiled up at him in surprise and for the first time he really saw her. Red-brown hair, falling heavily about her shoulders and curling about her temples, skin like cream without a flaw, dark, dark eyes, and lashes that swept blackly up from them. He stood and stared, and something inside him kept saying, louder and louder, "This is it, this is it, this is it—" She didn't notice, but he talked merrily on.

"I'm glad to make the acquaintance of my neighbors so soon. I don't know anyone in the city, so I'll be glad to have at least one person to say hello to. And do you keep extra butter and things? I'm terribly forgetful about food. Wouldn't it be awful if some night I was left without any and had no neighbor to borrow from? And then they would find me starved next morning—" She thought pleasedly about the idea for a moment. "But one doesn't starve that fast, I suppose. It would have been such a nice idea."

By this time the door was open, and Jeff followed her in, setting the bags in the middle of the floor. As he turned to go, she stopped

him, as he had hoped she would.

"Won't you stay a minute? I can offer you tea. As a matter of fact I would be thrilled to have company for my first tea. Isn't this a wonderful apartment? All mine for a whole holiday. I feel just like Christmas or a birthday with candles." She noticed Jeff staring at her, and taking his expression for disapproval, she blushed a bit. "I'm very informal, I know," she said, more quietly, "but I'm so excited I have to tell someone about it, and you look respectable.—Besides, you're my neighbor."

Jeff laughed, and said,

"As a matter of fact, I'm a lawyer. And very respectable. And I should love to stay to tea and share your excitement and be a guest at your almost-birthday. Especially since I think I have something to celebrate too."

He stayed to tea, and she showed him over the whole apartment with the pride of a child in a new plaything. He was very soon infected with her bubbling pleasure and they had an uproarious evening. She accepted him without a question, and treated him as if he were a brother just come home from college. He tried to treat her like a sister, and if it was difficult, she never noticed. Next morning, sure enough, she came to borrow butter from him, and it was soon the tradition that either he came to see her, or she came to see him every evening. It was "Jeff" and "Diana", and he told her of his poetry and his work while she told him of her purchases and her celebrations-for with Diana, every day, being a holiday, was a celebration in itself. With her Jeff felt none of the restraint he had felt with so many people since his lonely childhood. His sensitiveness and reserve vanished. He had not been so happy since his college days with Don.

Diana, too, seemed happy. But he had never seen her otherwise since they had met. It almost seemed as if she had escaped from some problem, some misery, that had long been hanging over her, and this was the reaction, for her constant appreciation of life was not quite natural. The average person would surely be able to take more for granted, to take things more easily. But what her past might be, Jeff did not know. All that she had told him, was that she was on holiday from a job somewhere, that she had no friends in the city, but had come there because she had lived there as a child, and

her father was buried there. Evidently her child-hood had been a very happy one, for she recognized joyously many landmarks, and recalled old pranks. Of what had happened to her since, she never spoke, and if Jeff ever asked a leading question, she turned it aside.

She had been his neighbor for two weeks, and Jeff was no nearer the status of a lover, when he asked her out on a picnic one Sunday afternoon. It was May, and they went to a spot he knew of, overlooking the river and the bank beyond. It was a beautiful view, of a valley and a church and trees just coming out in a haze of green. Jeff loved it, and knew it of old. When Diana saw it, she caught her breath and said,

"Oh, Jeff, it's wonderful! But how did you

know?"

"Know what?"

"Oh, of course you couldn't, but for a moment it almost seemed—My father is buried there. In the churchyard across the river. I used to come here often before we left, and watch it, and think of him. It's lovelier than I remembered."

She was rather quiet all the rest of that day, and said she preferred just looking to talking. So they sat on the grass, leaning against the tree trunks, but Diana's eyes strayed often to Jeff. When they reached home, she asked a little wistfully,

"You will come and see me tomorrow?"

Jeff was struck by her tone and looked at her more closely. She seemed a little forlorn, more tired than usual.

"Of course, Diana," he breathed, and before she could stir, he kissed the hair at her temples very gently. She smiled a sad little smile, and

then was gone.

After that, things were different. Diana accepted Jeff in his new role, and she was happy, with a different sort of happiness. When he was with her, she seemed to be grasping at every moment, trying to put as much into it as she could. But he noticed her eyes were darker, and the shadows came into them more often when she did not think he was looking. He was troubled, but he did not know what to do. To him Diana was a dream he dared not try to hold too long, and he was afraid that, as in the fairy tales, if he asked a question, he would lose her forever.

He began to write poems for her—passionate, bewildered, joyous, tragic, as his mood seized him. He did not show them to her, though he had showed her all the others. This was different. Besides, they did not talk so much any more. Diana preferred to sit by the fire with her head on his shoulder, and speak only a word now and then. Jeff would watch the firelight on her copper hair and muse on that one light in the darkness that surrounded them, that one light in his darkness too.—And how easily it could be extinguished!

One night he came in unexpectedly and found her crying in his room. He was terrified for a moment. The blow had come at last. But when he asked her what was the matter, she only shook her head, and clung to him, sobbing wild-

ly. All she would say was,

"Jeff, don't leave me—don't leave me ever! I love you so!" He took her back to her apartment and left her when she was quiet. He did not sleep that night, but sat by his window and wondered what he must do. By morning he had decided that the next day, whatever happened, he must ask Diana to marry him. There was no other way to settle things for both of them.

However the next night it was Diana who came to him. A new Diana, colder, more sophisticated, with hostile light in her eyes.

"I'm leaving, Jeff," she said simply. "I'm going back. My time is up, and I can't stay any longer."

"You can't mean that!" he exclaimed, though

he realized too well she did.

"I could never marry you, Jeff. It's too late. I should never have come, for I might have known what would happen—but I thought I deserved some happiness too. I was selfish. I never thought of you."

"I think—you thought of me sometimes, Diana."

Her eyes began to fill.

"Jeff—I wish—oh, Jeff, I love you! But you can't understand. And I can't explain."

"Diana, you can't leave me. You said—you would stay forever."

"But Jeff-this has been-forever."

She was gone. He rushed down the stairs, but when he reached the door she was nowhere to be seen. The apartment was deserted too. There was no trace of her anywhere. The elevator man had not seen her, nor a boy selling papers in the street. There were no friends of whom he could inquire for her, and he did not know whence she had come nor whither she had returned. Like the spring she had come and gone.

He wrote more poems, and at night walked the lonely streets in the darkness until it seemed that he was dreaming and anything might happen—even Diana. But she never came. At the end of the summer he was worn and tired. His publisher persuaded him to let him see the poems, and though Jeff hated to reveal them to anyone, he had reached the point where nothing seemed to matter. They were tremendously successful, and he had enough money to go away on a holiday. His friends had said it would do him good, and Don had written him. So he was here—and here was Don again.

"Here's Diana now," he said casually. "Come and meet her and then we can go home."

It was as if he had always known it. That same heavy hair, the same dark eyes, but she was older than he had remembered, and she looked at him like a stranger. Don had left them, and she smiled politely.

"Diana!" he cried. "Don't you remember

me?"

Her eyes widened.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I'm afraid I don't quite—you must excuse me. I've been ill, and I'm so forgetful now."

Surely she could not mean it! But her eyes were lost, and he felt his heart turn over.

"I'm Jeff Wyland," he said simply. "I write poems."

"Don wanted me to meet you. But you look familiar. I have met you before."

"Yes. You stayed beside me once. I lived in apartment 79, and you were in 77." Remembrance seemed to come slowly.

"Yes," she whispered. "Yes, I remember. There was a kettle by the hearth—it was always so lovely. You used to talk to me about wonderful things. We were on a picnic once and I saw father's grave. Isn't it so?"

"Yes," said Jeff with difficulty.

She sighed wearily.

"It's so hard to think. But I was very happy, I know." Suddenly she looked up at him, and cried, almost in fear, "No! It can't be that! Am I mad? I loved you, didn't I? But that was a long time ago—and I was young again. It must have been a long time ago! Or else it wasn't me—but how should I remember? Oh, help me, Jeff, help me! I'm so afraid!"

She stared at him for a moment with wide eyes, and he looked back stunned. With a sudden sob she turned and ran through the crowd at tea. He called "Diana!" and started after her, but Don stopped him, and she was gone.

"Fast progress, calling a lady by her first name after two minutes' conversation," said Don, smiling, but he became serious when he saw Jeff's face. "What is it, Jeff?"

"I knew her," he said dully. "She was Pamela. I loved her. I love her."

"But Jeff—I thought you wrote those poems this summer. Surely you must have known her years ago?"

"She came in April and went in May. This year." He put his head in his hands. "Oh, Don, bring her back! Bring her back to me!"

"I can never bring her back, Jeff," said Don, with a strange look on his face. "In April and May this year Diana was lying at death's door, unconscious in a hospital. I was her doctor, and I was with her every minute. I am afraid she has been gone—forever."

Willows by the River

Willows by the river,
Dreaming in the breeze,
Bending low to listen
To the melodies
The limpid waters murmur
In drowsy green delight,
When Spring has clad the willow-leaves
In green and silver-light.

And when they know the music,
The leaves begin to dance
In jubilant surrender
Till the sunbeams weave a trance
Of muted summer magic
To ensnare them all. Each one
Is trembling in enchantment
And clear yellow, like the sun.

Through the long still days of Autumn The music tinkles past.

The leaves stand silent, waiting,
Listening At last
The magic spell is broken
And they can dance once more.

They wave bright banners of farewell
To trees along the shore,
And fly down to the river
To dance along the top
Until the band-conductor, Frost,
Fearing lest the leaves get lost,
Holds his gay baton aloft,
A signal that the music soft,
Is finished,

And the music of the waters has to stop.

Borgny Eileraas.

Reverie in April

I never think of April But I also think of you For you were here in April— Remember how we two Used to walk on April evenings Hand-in-hand up to the hill, And watch the round moon rising While the stars stood still? Remember how the pussy-willows Down beside the creek Were softly clothed in silver? I can still see how your cheek Used to dimple with amusement As we scampered through the rain-I'm thinking of you often Now that April's here again. Borgny Eileraas.

Acknowledgment

I cannot see the sunset from my room,
For this is near the crowded city's heart,
And I, an invalid, can no more stroll
To meet the dying sun as once I did;
But some poor tattered fragments of its hues
Are caught now in the windows opposite—
They merely represent the splendors flung
On nature's canvas in the evening breeze—
But such reflections now form all my life,
Others' impressions, twice-told tales for me,
Reflections all from kindly human windows;
Well . . . I appreciate the windows.

Lois Borland.

Sonnet

I never could content myself with dreams— My greedy fingers scorn such fragile things. No fairy Pegasus for me, it seems; No riding through the clouds on silver wings. Instead, I'd build a ladder to the sky; Of steel, not silken dreams, I'd form each

Make each one firm before the next I'd try; For ever in my heart a voice has sung—Dreams always fly away a break of dawn, Leaving but one more wasted hour to mourn. Let me steadfastly shape my destiny, For I would rather there were shown for me A sturdy ladder, built of lasting things, Than a tired Pegasus with drooping wings.

Peggy Wilson.

Eyes In The Night

by EARL KLIMAN

Darkness had wrapped itself around the halls of the mansion, like the eerie tentacles of an octopus. An invisible clock was dutifully announcing the passing of the fourth hour of the new day, when the uneasy harmony was rudely shattered by a thin thread of light oozing from a flashlight carried by a tall shadowy figure.

In the daylight, one might have recognized this mansion as the home of Sir Neville Wigham, the fabulously wealthy sportsman, who had just returned from an ivory hunting expedition in India. Thus for days, at all clubs, fashionable and otherwise, when the flame of conversation had flickered past the weather, it invariably brightened up when the exploits of Sir Neville were used as fuel. Every thief in the country knew of the fortune that lay in the library wall safe of the mansion, guarded by the heads of the many animals that the sportsman had collected.

However most robbers are superstitious, and did not relish the idea of trying to enter the house. The setting, however, had appealed to the "Captain." The Captain was a frequent visitor in the Police Gazette, being wanted for a dozen different and daring robberies. He had proved to be too elusive for the police, and had not once been caught red-handed. His curiosity, to see if he could rob the place, had finally straight-jacketed his better judgment, and he had chosen this night to put his skill to the test.

Thus it was that on this night a shadowy figure with flashlight in hand, and black felt hat pulled tightly over two bright green eyes, wended his way as stealthily as a panther, till he came to the door marked "library."

The faint click of a flashlight was accompanied by an intenser, and more enveloping darkness than before. The Captain evidently prefered to work in the dark. For a few seconds he stood in front of the door, and let his eyes accustom themselves to the heavy gloom. Then as noislessly as the sun creeping over the horizon, the door slowly widened, and he took a step forward. Then for a quarter of a second his heart leaped into his mouth.

He felt his foot dangling beneath him supported by the air. But in a second it descended on the first of three steps leading to the library. He regained his composure at once, but on looking

over the room he was again forced to gasp for breath.

From the four walls of the room he was aware of fiery eyes staring at him. Gradually these hostile eyes could be discerned as part of the heads of trophies mounted about the room; the head of a deer; the head of a boar; then of a shaggy buffalo. In the opposite wall was a built-in fireplace, in front of which a large bear rug was nailed to the floor. In the middle of the room was a small desk with a chair to the right of it. Strange potted plants made up the only other trimming of the room. Just above the fireplace gleamed a piece of a metal, the safe.

'This ought to be easy," murmured the Captain with a voice of reassurance, and a heart of uneasiness. He became more and more conscious of the hostile eyes of the animals on the walls. Their moods changed like the colors of the spectre; first mocking, then cursing, then threatening, then amused; but never disinterested, always watching.

The Captain braced himself by taking a deep breath, and began to edge towards the safe, muttering about "those damn animals." It was interesting to watch him move across the room, for he was on the alert for every sign of danger and as wary as a deer walking towards its drinking place.

At last he reached the safe. His breath came easier now, as his hand played with the combination as easily as a radio-expert tuning in a radio. Yet he could not shake off the feeling that the animals were watching him. Every time he peered around at them, they seemed to be accusing him. The Captain worked more earnestly, and soon a light click was followed by a reflection into the open safe.

The Captain quickly slid his hand into the safe, and pulled out several wads of bills, which he quickly but nervously shoved into each of his pockets. Then he swung the door of the safe back into position, and turning around began to move back. The eyes of the deer and buffalo and boar looked accusingly at him as he moved slowly forward, but now he merely smiled to himself. One step he took, two steps, three steps. Suddenly he stopped short, and the smile was slapped off his face in a flash.

A cold oily sweat sprang up from nowhere on his brow. The Captain tried to move but his muscles seemed to refuse to obey his commands. The Captain looked around at the animals, but they were no longer accusing him; they were now mocking him. The Captain struggled but could not budge from the spot. He was trembling violently with fear. He seemed paralyzed so that he could not move. His eyes began to roll, as he stared helplessly around. He made one more desperate effort to move, and saw the animals sway before him, then towards him. He crashed to the floor with a shriek, foaming at the mouth.

In a few seconds, the whole house was flooded with lights. Sir Neville rushed into the room clad in an oriental bath-robe. He stopped at the sight that met his eyes and then walking to the telephone on the desk, slowly lifted the receiver. When he contacted the police, he gave his name and address, and sarcastically remarked, that this was the first time a rat had been captured in a bear trap.

Then his eyes roamed again to the unconscious thief, as he lay on the floor, with one of his feet tightly wedged in the mouth of the bear rug in front of the fireplace.

A La Carte

First we had a crab cocktail, tangy with spice And tomato sauce carefully tempered by ice, And wedges of celery, olives and cheese, Anchovy fillets, and, following these, A delectable serving of consomme, Aromatic and tasty, preparing the way For a section of tenderloin, juicy and rare, Enhanced by a brown mushroom sauce— and then there

Were some fluffy potatoes, a pile of green peas And carrots. We relished with leisurely ease The hot Brussels' sprouts, and the light little rolls.

On the salad were cherries as red as hot coals, With a dab of whipped cream, and bananas and dates

In a cup of crisp lettuce. But what really rates My praise is the dainty they served for dessert—A pineapple mousse... We found time to revert To pecans and raisins and cool little mints, And coffee with golden dark amber-tints.

What a wonderful dinner! Wasn't it great? (And then we went home for bicarbonate).

Borgny Eileraas

Victory Over All

by Patricia Ferguson

Today I peered into a land of hope and love and faith. For today I saw a little old woman, bent with life's heavy whip of work, bent by the grief of sorrows of God's mortals.

I saw her place her chubby little hands so lovingly upon those ivory-edged keys of that rickety old organ. I heard the softness of each tone echo and re-echo her beautiful philosophy of life, her love and strength of thought and will, throughout the church. She alone had not been embittered by her fate.

Week upon week she had sat on that same old weather-beaten stool, with the one knobby brass encasement missing from its leg. Year upon year she had played the simple hymns and anthems for our country padre and for the people of his parish, who had cared to come.

She wore the same old black dress, on which the lace had begun to tear around the bodice. Perhaps she loved that gown with the long black leg-o-mutton sleeves. Perhaps she felt a thrill pass through her, as she stuffed her long brown hair into that funny little hat that just seemed to balance by some "act of God".

The organ ceased and she moved to the nearest chair. There she sat calmly listening for the minister to commence his hour of worship. As we bowed our heads I saw her raise her handkerchief to her eyes and bend in silent prayer. To her this meant something sacred. To her this meant a blessing for the week. I wondered if she were thanking God for the care that he had taken in guiding her poor crippled husband and her through life.

They had married before the war. They had been torn apart through the roar of cannons and the sound of guns. He had left her with two small sons, a little girl-child, and a wee house on a hill. It was a tiny house, two rooms and a wood stove, but a home filled with warmth of friendship and true sincerity.

He was a strong young man, tall and straight and blessed with a fine, peace-loving soul. But he too had gone to play his part in that war to end wars, to die if necessary, so that she and others like her might live far from the hand of tyranny and slavery.

Three years later he returned to their little home. But if one could have seen him coming down the road, through the garden gate, up the gravelled path, one would have wept.

For, there he stood, once tall and straight, now lean and stooped. Under his arm he dragged two crutches. One could not help but notice that his foot was shot through. No more could he walk through the valley in the spring, with a lithe, free swing. No more could he run and dance and swim, as others could. For he was bound by the ugly chains of injury to a life of immobility. His hair was slightly silvered by the horrors of war. But on his face was a smile, that same smile that no tragedy, even war, could dim or erase. In his countenance was the light of joy and happiness, peace and contentment. There was his home, his wife, his children. There was the valley, fresh, green, beautiful! The lake at his door, the tall trees, his garden growing just as he had left it early in the spring of nineteen fifteen.

I saw her head rise. She gazed towards the window. Perhaps she saw as I did the large stucco buildings where she had earned their living It was in those kitchens that she had scrubbed and scoured, carried trays, mopped floors to grind out the bare necessities of life. It was there that she had slaved to give her little girl the best in life. She had taken home her meagre wages and kissed her husband's gentle brow whenever he told her of the burden he had caused—

She laughed her way through life. She rose early in the morning to climb the long road to where her life work lay. At eve she trudged home to her husband waiting at the gate. He saw her tired smile and felt the gentle brush of a loving hand upon his cheek. He was proud of his wife, grateful to God for being blessed with her. Grateful to God for the strength he had been given to manage his little chicken ranch at the back of their home.

Their family grew and departed, but always did they open their door to them and their friends. Together, they became known as the generous, kindly, lovable, old English couple who lived on the hill.

She gave all she had to charity. She didn't pile the plates with money, she carried them. She strove to help bear the brunt and burden of the work. It was she who remained to wash up when all the others had gone.

The minister was now blessing those in the armed forces. I saw her wipe her eyes. Yes, she had told me only yesterday that they were all in now.

Both her sons were in England and her little girl had joined the C.W.A.C. How happy she was the day her daughter came home and leaned over her. She stretched her arms towards her child and kissed her face so lovingly, as only mothers can. She felt her strong limbs clothed with that hard brown khaki, that separates them from the other women of the world and classifies them into ranks and makes them part of "His Majesty's forces."

The prayer had ended. But her prayers would continue as long as she was here upon this earth to smile at people as they passed or to take them to her humble home and give to them that which God has called "our daily bread."

She, poor and modest, had a victory. She had won throughout her heart, throughout her soul. She believed in God. She had faith—she had love—she had hope.

"She had Victory over all."

Rain in May

Gray day Pearl day,

This day is a holiday— Skies athrill with rain and mist, And a halo amethyst.

> Sunrise Sunset

To the scent of leaf-mould wet; Sweet smell of the earth a-greening, Little perfumed things all preening.

Eyes filled Heart filled

With the beauty round me spilled, Bounteously displayed for May, Lavished all along my way;

Crocus blue Daisies too,

Colors rain-scoured, fresh and new, Purples, yellows, greens all blending In a carpet never-ending.

Trip along With a song

Companion to this silent throng.
Cupping my hands to capture the breeze
Mine are all Spring's melodies.

Lois Borland.

To Pilot Officer Fred Turvey

Student of the University of Saskatchewan Killed in Air Operations over Germany, October 6, 1942

He was a boy to be proud of,

And now he's gone;

His young life sacrificed, that we, his friends and neighbors,

Might live in freedom.

But shall we?

Is this holocaust the last?

Or shall we, in the far forever,

Be still the victims of financial greed and economic rivalries,

That always end in Armageddon?

It was Christ himself,

Who cast the money-changers from the temple; Let us arise,

And cast them from the daily temple of our lives. For they, whose mania provokes all strife, Alone are guilty.

They pull the strings of governments,

While we, the common people, (bless the phrase),

Jig when they pull,

Like wooden marionettes, who do not know enough

To cut the strings that cause their grotesque movements.

Today, our sons are going forth to battle, Fine, brave lads, the living heart of State.

Some, like him, the boy I knew,

Who now lies sleeping 'neath the hallowed soil of England,

Will not return.

Heaven grant their sacrifice be not in vain!

Humanity's at stake and God!

For MAN, created in the image of his MAKER, Owes this to God:

To live as SONS OF GOD with human dignity, Worshipping Him only,

Forbearing to kneel before false gods, Mammon and the like,

That thrive on human degradation.

Let us prepare the way for those who will return:

Cut cleanly through the strands that threaten to enmesh us,

Resume our human, Godlike stature,

Then, free and untrammelled,

Hold out our welcoming arms to them, and proudly say,

"You did not fight in vain, my sons,

Nor did your brothers, whom you left behind at rest.

All this fair land is yours; Enjoy its fruits; share in its pain, And live like MAN TRIUMPHANT, unafraid."

Eugenie Thomas.

Renaissance

I hurried out
Into the lyric night,
Because I had an old excitement
Suddenly—
Quicksilver in my veins.
For spring rushed in my window
Urgently:

"Come out and walk in me. My stars are flung All carelessly. My moon is poised, My wind exultant. Stirring in the earth, I am awake! This is my festival."

I was aware
Of song brimming
In the throats of birds.
I was disconsolate
For springs I had forgot,
And new leaves coloured by old autumns,
And wistful hearts yearning,
Spring coming on eternally,
Still betrayed
By spring's eternal promise.
I was disturbed
By dim, nostalgic tears,
And April dancing in my heart.
O! I remembered spring
Swiftly.

Jean Sibbald.

Finale

We said goodbye amid the fog
And steamed-out lights beside the train;
The snow made diamonds in your hair
And from your eyes two diamonds came
From tears you would not shed, in spite
Of all you could say to me.
But since I knew your heart, we stood
And watched the ghost-scene silently.

Lois Borland.

Hi-Ho Michael!

by SHIRLEY I. PLANK

Or "Daisy, Daisy, You Have My Sympathy"

I did not learn to ride a bicycle when I was a child. We lived on a farm, and horses were more fun, and more easily available. It was not until I was past twenty that I got myself a job, moved to the city, and made the acquaintance of my first bicycle.

It was my sister's bicycle—a long lean machine, possessed of a burning desire to get somewhere in a hurry, but not much caring just where it went. I took it out on a side street one Sunday morning, before the neighbourhood was stirring, and subjected it to a rigid course of discipline which had little apparent effect on it, but which left me with an interesting assortment of bumps and bruises. However, I acquired what I considered to be a working knowledge of the principles of cycling, and that afternoon we rented a bicycle and set out to explore the country side.

Our explorations were relatively uneventful, but they were full of excitement for me at least. I have no idea where we went. As a sight-seeing trip the expedition was a complete failure, from my point of view. I know that we travelled on pavement for some time, crossing an amazing number of inhospitable street car tracks, and then we graduated to a rutty dirt road with which I soon had an intimate acquaintance. After the first hour or so, when nothing really serious had happened, I gained confidence and began to feel that I had mastered the technique of cycling. We were coasting merrily along a gravelled road, at the time, with trees on either side, and I remember feeling that there would probably be something interesting to be seen on one side or the other, if only I dared look up. My sister said,

"Here are the University greenhouses. Would you like to stop and look at them?"

"Here?" I asked brightly. The next moment I was sitting in the midst of a very prickly caragana hedge, looking at the University greenhouses.

It was not long after this expedition that I determined to ride my sister's bicycle to work. For some reason she was not using it herself, and it seemed a waste to leave it leaning idly beside the house while I walked. I remember I had worn a new pair of stockings that morning.

If I had known a little more about a bicycle I would not have been so foolhardy, but I was young and innocent. With a greater show of confidence than I felt, I mounted my dashing steed and started in the general direction of my work.

There were moments when I was not sure that my mount had resigned himself to going in the direction I had elected. He seemed to prefer running chummily along the curb, or climbing on to the boulevard in a most lawless fashion. But I refused to give in to his whims, and all went well until a car came up behind us, and politely requested to be allowed to pass. I don't know what happened then. It is a mystery to me. I only know that the next moment I was sitting on the gravel which I had been looking at a moment before, with a bicycle in my lap, and that an automobile towered above me, uncomfortably near. From the side of the car nearest to me at least six dignified ladies—there may have been eight-peered haughtily down at me through jewelled lorgnettes. They did not seem to approve of my previous actions, or my present somewhat undignified position, and I remember smiling at them in a sickly way, and feeling decidedly at a disadvantage. Then the car moved slowly on, and left me to gather up my belongings and clamber back on my bicycle, to the infinite amusement of several small boys who were standing near.

I got to work, but I felt rather conspicuous all morning. I had no knee in one stocking, and an extremely raw-looking patch of epidermis showed through the hole. But my blood was up (as well as out, in spots) by now, and I was resolved not to be worsted by any mere bicycle. With grim determination and a quaking heart I mounted once more at noon, and started home.

I was wiser this time. I carefully ignored the busier streets and wended my homeward way through back alleys and quiet side streets. All the way home I saw only one car. It was parked quietly along the curb, with its back to us, minding its own business and unprepared for a cowardly assault from the rear. The temptation was too much for my unchivalrous mount. He took the bit in his teeth, and headed slowly but inexorably for that unprotected automobile. I

did all I could to prevent the catastrophe. I coaxed and cajoled and threatened. I pointed out that there was a whole wide street on one side of the car, and certainly no necessity for running into it. I discussed the moral angle at some length, and explained that it was hardly sporting to pick on a car when its back was turned. But all was to no avail. Slowly, inexorably, that unprincipled bicycle wobbled towards its unsuspectinng victim, and there I was again, sitting on the gravel with three small boys laughing ignorantly from the sidewalk. My remarks had evidently had some slight effect, now that it was too late, for my wicked bicycle had crawled underneath the car, evidently ashamed of its cowardly deed.

I extricated it with what dignity was left to me, examined my other knee (noting with mixed emotions that at least my legs matched now) and mounting grimly I continued my uncertain homeward way. I walked to work in the afternoon, since my salary did not run to more than one pair of stockings a day.

Cycling is something like alcohol: you really don't like it at first, but you keep coming back for more. The next summer I bought myself a bicycle. He was a rakish-looking Irish machine, and I named him Michael. I got him very cheaply from a woman whose daughter refused to ride him any more, on the ridiculous grounds that she was afraid of him. She said he had a mean disposition. He seemed to be in very good condition, and I was quite pleased with my purchase. I believe he cost me something like sixteen dollars altogether-fourteen dollars originally, and two dollars for an overhaul job. He was a profitable investment. He cost me less than a university class, and he has taught me much more than any class that was ever offered.

I have learned, among other things, that Michael's first owner was right in her estimate of his character. He has, undoubtedly, a mean disposition. Perhaps that is hardly fair, for there is more than meanness behind his unpredictable actions. He never does anything out of mere bad temper, but rather from a love of the dramatic, and a perverted sense of humour. He is that worst of all abominations, a practical joker.

When my sister and I were children we had a Shetland pony who was safe and docile for any two-year-old, but there was never a smart-alecky boy of eleven or twelve who could stay on her back for more than two consecutive minutes. Michael is like that. While I was learning to ride he was a perfect gentleman. He eased

me over street car tracks and guided me through traffic jams. He travelled sedately along narrow little river-paths with never a glance to right or left, and threaded a safe smooth path through the ruttiest of side roads. At the end of three months I felt that I was an experienced rider, and Michael and I both breathed a deep sigh of relief. From then on it was every man for himself.

My first inkling of Michael's true character came to me when I was going home from work one night. I was hungry, and I freely admit that I was travelling a little faster than I should have been. The street was smooth and paved, and I was going slightly down hill. I remember feeling that I hadn't a care in the world, and hoping that we would have beef steak for supper.

There was a small boy delivering papers on the sidewalk, and I smiled at him cheerfully as I sailed by. The next moment I was sailing through the air, and I remember hearing the little boy say "Oh oh!" with some dismay. Michael's roving Irish eye had found a goodsized rock on the pavement, and with mischievous joy he had directed his front wheel toward it. I don't know how big it was. When I first saw it, half an inch in front of the wheel, it looked to be about three feet in diameter, but when I looked back after sliding half a block on one elbow it seemed to have shrunk. The small newsboy (chivalry is evidently not as dead as some would have us think!) rushed over and began to help me to my feet, and to extricate me from what remained of Michael. Out of sympathy for my helper's creaking muscles I rose, and stood groggily watching. Having dusted me off as best he could (I was smeared with tar from head to foot, for the pavement turned out to be not pavement, and the day had been warm!) he turned his attention to Michael.

I doubt if that mischievous creature would have perpetrated his foul deed could he have foreseen the full consequences. Unfortunately for him, I had landed on top of him. His basket was squashed completely flat, and the handle bars were turned sideways, giving him a more rakish appearance than ever. One fender was bent into the tire so securely that the wheel could not turn. One pedal was bent upward at a sharp angle, and the head-light pointed meekly toward heaven, as though in supplication. I watched dazedly while my youthful protector put matters to rights. He was very young—at the time I remember wondering whether he was three or four, but I suppose he must have been a little more mature.

With masculine firmness he took control of the situation. He straddled the front wheel and straightened the handle bars. He cast a professional eye at the basket and the pedal, and decided that they were beyond first-aid, and needed hospital treatment. He bent the fender out so that it interfered only slightly with the wheel, gave me his blessing, and started me once more on my homeward way. You would have thought that my roguish bicycle would have been somewhat chastened by his injuries, even if he was not ashamed of his misdeeds, but not Michael! He actually seemed to be proud of himself, and made such a clamour all the way home, what with banging his bent pedal against the chain guard, and rattling his damaged fender against his wheel, that he attracted the attention of every pedestrian within six blocks.

I have never quite decided to my own satisfaction whether Michael foresaw the full effects of that escapade, or whether the mark I still carry on my arm is an unforeseen gift of the gods. The fact is that in sliding up the street I removed a considerable area of skin from my elbow, and replaced it with an ample quantity of soft tar. The skin healed, but the tar remained firmly embedded underneath. Michael accomplished, in a moment, what my Mother failed to do in years of patient effort. I no longer put my elbows on the table when we have guests.

It cost me two dollars and fifty cents to put Michael back into running order. He behaved like an angel for months afterward, but my faith in him was no longer what it had been. By careful observation I learned a great many things about him, and I came to know when he was planning one of his entertaining little acts, and to govern myself accordingly. I learned, for instance, that I was as safe on Michael as in my little bed at home, as long as there was no one around. Michael has an unfailing sense of the dramatic. He seldom acts on impulse. He chooses his time and place carefully, and when he engineers a show it is sure to be a good one. Take the matter of street car tracks, for instance. They hold no terrors for Michael. Wet or dry, high or low, cross them at right angles or almost parallel, he never falters—as long as there is no traffic, and no audience. But give him the slightest hint of a traffic jam, give him a good gathering of pedestrians (preferably people you know, and would like to impress) to witness his performance, and the meekest street car track has him floored completely. It is the same with traffic. If you coast into an intersection and put on the brakes tentatively they work perfectly—as long as there is no traffic. But if the corner happens to be a busy one, with preferably six or seven cars, two street cars, a bus and thirty-two pedestrians—Michael hasn't a brake to his name. He is very apologetic about it. He really can't imagine what has become of his brakes; he had them this morning. But they are gone now, completely and irrevocably. There is nothing in the world for you to do but make up your mind whether you would prefer to run into a street car, a bus, a car, or the well-dressed gentleman in the tweed coat.

Policemen have a bad effect on Michael. He may be bowling along, in the most docile mood imaginable, but the mere sight of a police uniform fills his head with the wickedest of thoughts. I remember once we were wending our innocent way down a quiet side street when a policeman turned a corner ahead of us, on his way home to supper. Without a moment's hesitation Michael crossed the street and ran into a little boy who was minding his own business, playing along the curb. Fortunately he only bumped him gently, and there was no harm done, but it was an inexcusable action. The policeman and the little boy's mother agreed with me in that decision.

It might be expected that Michael is superstitious, in view of his nationality. Both of my knees bear painful testimony to the depth of his superstitious convicitions. I was starting down town in a hurry one Saturday afternoon, and I passed someone on the stairs as I ran down. There were vague murmurs of discontent from the person on the stairs, and dire predictions concerning the luck I was calling down upon our heads, but I was not concerned. I went gaily on my way, mounted my waiting vehicle, and started down the street.

It was one of those delightful streets, dear to the heart of the cyclist, with a narrow strip (about three feet, or thereabouts) of paving, liberally supplied with street car tracks, in the centre, and large quantities of loose gravel along the sides. I was wasting no time, as I said, and Michael saw his opportunity when I was about half way down a comparatively steep hill. Slowly, cautiously, he edged his way over toward the edge of the pavement until, just at a spot where the drop to the loose gravel was sharpest, he slipped gently over the edge. It was beautifully timed. I sailed gracefully into the middle of the street, landing on both knees, and bounded down the rest of the hill kangaroo fashion. When I finally came to rest, I found myself face to

face with a small white rabbit, waiting at the base of a nearby telephone pole. It stared at me out of its round little eyes. I make no attempt to explain its presence on a comparatively busy city street: I merely recount its presence as a fact. There it sat, eyeing me solemnly and unblinkingly. I have often wondered, since, what became of it, but at the time my attention was diverted by a number of passers-by who displayed some interest in my position, and by mild speculation concerning my knees, which seemed, for the moment, to be missing. They returned almost immediately, however, to bear vivid testimony to the treatment they had received. It was some time before I ceased to be conscious of them again.

Since that day I have not trifled with Michael's superstitions. I have carefully gone around ladders, avoided black cats, gone into the howling blizzard bare-handed rather than pick up my own gloves, and the mere sound of a footstep on the stairs is enough to send me scuttling back to the top until the danger is past.

Michael is no gentleman, but he is extremely masculine. The severest critic of feminine appearance is no more sensitive to dress than Michael. If I want excitement I need only dress myself in my Sunday best, and Michael will provide it. I seldom indulge in this method of entertaining myself, however, for it is rather an expensive one. Observant in all things, Michael is particularly attentive to my stockings. Day after day, week after week, I am safe on Michael if I wear socks, or if my stockings are old and worn. Even when my old stockings appear to be good, and are only worn in the feet, he knows, and I wend my way safely from place to place. But the sight of a new, expensive pair of stockings goes to his head like wine. Nothing fills him with greater glee, or puts him more on his mettle. He has a variety of different treatments for them. Sometimes he is content merely to reach out with his basket as they go by, and snag a hole in them. At other times nothing short of a traffic accident, or an encounter with a street car, will satisfy him. One glimpse of a new pair of stockings, and his courage is unfathomable. He will take on the biggest bus, the most irate street car, the largest, most solid pedestrian in sight.

I have grown very fond of Michael, in spite of his unlovely temperament. We have aged together, and we bear the scars of our mutual experiences. I have become resigned to his pranks, and mount him, each morning, with the full

realization that I may return safely in one piece, and that again I may not. He has been on his best behaviour for several months now, and I know that I take my life in my hands every time we set out together.

One of these days Michael will take on an adversary too large for either of us to handle, and my cycling days will be over. When that time comes I hope, for his sake and for the sake of suffering humanity, that he is beyond repair. I would hate to think of him as renovated, and turned loose once more on an unsuspecting public, if his disposition remains unchanged. I would hate, even more, to see him with his spirit entirely broken, guided docilely along by some callow young cyclist. But as salvage, what beautiful possibilities open up before him! He would, for instance, make a lovely bomb! And nothing, I am sure, could delight him more than the prospect of exploding in some inconvenient spot, and making a dreadful mess of the surrounding ter-

Absence in Springtime

Oh, to share spring with you! To feel the surge Of waking loveliness that seeks the light, The freshness of the morning, and the swift Exhilarating joy of knowing life.

To hear the clear chirp of the early sparrow Chime with the church bells tolling in the distance!

The soft grey mists circling a little world,
And gently falling rain, a drowsy sound,
And lilacs cool with dew, and tiny leaves,
Still damp from birth, unfolding on the twig,
And the first crocus blooming on the prairies,
To feel them, loving the wet warm earth that
bore them!

To lie on earth warm with the heat of noon,
And see sun-silvered grass, and blue above,
To hear the water gurgling as the snow melts,
Leaving deep traces in its rushing down,
The clean strong wind blowing across our faces,
And the ducks flying north. All this is springtime.

To see the new moon in the melting night, To feel the lure of roads that wander far, And then the quietness of dark o'erhanging The city, as the clatter of the day subsides Slow into sleep and peace. But you are gone And I am left alone to face the spring.

Amy Downey.

Surrealistic Etching

What cosmic sphere Whirls in the breath of stars Where pre-existence clamours? Chasms deep and perilously Poised between the infinite And my perception, Thick with impulse are. Thwarted, upon the verge Of inspiration, groping, Subtle fingers of my mind Explore the void, Feeling the prick of surmise. Thoughts I might utter, Piercing to the heart, And rapt yet with surprise At their creation, Still escape and baffle me. My ineffectual gaze Fails yet to penetrate This incandescent gloom. And I am faint With listening to voices Shouting beyond my ken. Deafened am I By mute air, Quick with hoarse whispers, Yearning to be articulate. Barriers obscure and gossamer Shut me, like iron doors, From powers That are not mine. Here cobwebs blind me. Still I wait, Perplexed and apprehensive, Till some oracle Within the veil relents. Not I, but some deep part Of me, I know not, Is responsive. Only a gleam, sometimes, And that queer pain, Ecstatic, wild, disturbing, Flutters within my pulse, Like a caged bird Insistent for release, And I am satisfied. Tomorrow, jealous of her secrets, Is content to merely tantalize My consciousness. Her cloudy thoughts, That lurk evasive in the fog, Are not for my perusal. Frustrate, I anticipate

Only a glimpse, a fragrant,
Of those forbidden dreams
That mock me
As they stir my small desire.
They sleep in the brains of men,
Themselves unborn,
They drift through some far, fathomless
Eternity,
On whose dim shore
They waken with a sigh.

Jean Sibbald.

Portrait of Irene

A white gardenia trembling

in her soft bright hair,

Her eyes

blue tender dancing flames enkindled

by the candlelight

And by some inner radiance that curves a smile upon her face.

A filmy length
of frosted lace
From some bright fairy window-pane
Was fashioned sheerly for her gown,
As simple

as a lily-chalice,

Lovely

as the soft hushed voices of the angels Singing carols in the frosty moonlight above a sleeping town.

Borgny Eileraas.

Old Letters

I found your letters, dear, the other day—
Took them from where I'd hidden them away
Tied tenderly around with ribbon blue,
As all romantic maidens seem to do.
I read them over once again, and thought
Of those spring days before we had to part;
Then, for I knew our brief romance was dead,
I tied a tinsel ribbon round, instead.

First loves (they tell me so) are always thus; The glamour passes, and at last we know. That what had seemed to be true love to us. Was only tinsel, with a gaudy show. A sparkling web our star-bright fancies wove, That shining springtime of our tinsel love.

Peggy Wilson.

The Battle of Sabib

Percy Smith.

(Being a translation of Book XLVIII of the great Indian epic, Kookootata)
Once, upon the banks of Ganges,
When the world was very young,
Dwelt a maiden of the Banjis
For whom many a song was sung.
She was light and bright and pretty,
And entirely free from moles,
And to share in her confetti
Was the dream of countless souls.

From each corner of the land Came the seekers for her hand—

Kings and bankers, Men off tankers, Furriers, Harriers, Buriers, Carriers, Buyers, Cryers, Engineers, Bakers, Tanners, Fakirs, Canners, Churchmen, Birchmen, Saints and seers, And a lama from Tibet, And a farmer from Lebret, -So they came, in great procession, Which made quite a large impression On the maid of Hindustan, Who, however, loved no man.

And, though offered pearls and silk, Diamonds, chessmen, cans of milk, Gold and crystal, ruby wine, Houses, poodles, columbine, (And the Rajah of Paloopi Said she made his knees so soupy He would give his third last rupee Just to hear her say, "I'm thine,") Yet to each one she replied "Sir, I'd love to be your bride, And I shall be, on the feast day of Razib, If you'll solve the mystery, In my country's history:
"Did the Rajah who was larger win the Battle of Sabib?"

Then the whole world racked its brain,
Nearly died of nervous strain,
Sought intensley—sought in vain—
The right answer to attain;
For historians and biographers the thing
became quite a squib:
"Did the Rajah who was larger
win the Battle of Sabib?"

And they built great institutions
For the men who went insane,
And they had six revolutions,
Three great wars—but all in vain.
For they never found an answer,
to that query pert and glib:
"Did the Rajah who was larger
win the Battle of Sabib?"

But the maiden of the Banjis
died, a spinster, old and lorn,
(Which is just what Shakespeare meant by
"Withered on the virgin thorn",)
How she wished someone would answer,
even though he had to fib,
Her inept and stupid question
re the Battle of Sabib.

Apostrophe

Preserve an attitude of grace Towards the girl who paints her face.

Many a maid would sit and pine, Never dance, and seldom dine, But for generous assistance Of Helena Rubenstein.

Phone calls from the best of men, Showers of flowers now and then, Bless the lass who never wearies Of applying Adrienne.

Nods and smiles, and even winks, Warm the heart of many a minx, Who, in other things forgetful, Steadfastly remembers Minx.

But come, all ye rugged males! Spit at the girl who paints her nails!

Percy Smith.

Shadows in the Sky A RADIO PLAY by John Haddad

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

AUNTIE (Miss Stayle)—A school teacher Mother, Father—Jimmy's Parents

TIMMY

HAROLD—His pal

BUBBLES

Molly-Bubbles' girl friend

John-Newsboy

CLERK

CHAIRMAN

MR. REVEAL

NARRATOR: The time of this play is September 1st, 1939.—(There is a pause—then the sound of a loud wind followed by silence. The sound of an automobile is heard and the gay voices of children playing in the street.)

John: Here's your paper, Miss Stayle.

Auntie: Thank you, Johnny. Everyone is so neurotic about the news these days. It makes me sick. Hitler's just bluffing.

John: They oughta read Blondie. It's good. Auntie: Blondie?—Oh yes— well— (recalling.) Say Johnny, why wasn't your brother Harold in class today?

John: He was supposed to be-I mean, I

dunno maybe he's sick.

Auntie: (sternly) Seems to me he has no interest in his future. I try my best to instruct that boy, but the way he's carrying on he'll never be a success, and I—

John: Gee, Miss Stayle, I've got to finish delivering my papers—

Auntie: All right, Johnny, run along. (She walks into the house mumbling something about "If Harold was my boy I'd certainly bring him up properly." She opens the door and a voice, apparently from the kitchen yells—)

Mother: Is that you Jimmy? Did you get the

meat for supper?

Miss Stayle: (Shouting back) It's Sophia, and if your boy isn't home yet he's up to no good. (mumbling) School's been out for three-quarters of an hour and it's only a ten minute walk—

Mother: (still in kitchen) What's that you

say Sophia?

Miss Stayle: I said—(she opens door and enters kitchen where Mrs. Day is heard rattling pots and pans). What on earth are you rushing around for?

Mother: Sophia, I have no meat for supper. Jimmy was supposed to bring some home immediately after four. I told him it took a long time to cook. I wonder what could have happened to him?

Miss Stayle: I'm sure I don't know, but I do hope he doesn't forget to pick up my shoes at the repair shop. It's the only pair I can wear to the faculty meeting. (opens up newspaper.) Well, what happened today?

Mother: I heard the news flashes all day on the radio. I'm afraid it looks like war.

Miss Stayle: Hitler wouldn't dare invade Poland.

Mother: I hope you're right—Oh dear, if Jimmie doesn't come soon I'll have to open a tin of salmon—How did school go today, Sophia?

Miss Stayle: Just the same, the same troubles everyday. (with feeling) It's wrecking my nervous system. This generation of youths is completely lost. They won't listen to a thing I say. They seem to like being uncultured.

Mother: What does that screaming red headline say?

Miss Stayle: I'll not be disturbed by flaming headlines. I always read the first page last because the important news is always found on page fourteen— war threats or not—Ah—(excitedly) here, just as I said, the most important news hidden on the back page.

Mother: Good heavens. What is it?

Miss Stayle: That notorious radical Ringsford Reveal has criticized education again. (reading) "Reveal declares our schools inadequate to train good citizens—" "How ridiculous!"

Mother: He does exaggerate, probably just an alarmist.

Miss Stayle: Oh no. He keeps saying it. Why he's addressing a meeting at the City Hall tonight. But, as I said at the faculty meeting, Reveal knows nothing of our modern educational system. (with contempt) "Good citizens" —why only today we enacted a mock parliament. If that isn't training for citizenship, what is? (Door heard opening).

Mother: Is that you Jimmy? Did you get

the meat and shoes?

Father: (opens door to kitchen) What's all this about sweets and dues?

Mother: Oh it's you, I thought it was Jimmy. (anxiously) Where can that boy be?

Father: I know where he is. I saw him on my way home. He's down at the Milk Bar with a gang of boys. As I went by they were all jumping around—dancing I guess.

Mother: Then he has forgotten. Jack, I'm sorry but we'll have to eat cold salmon for supper. Jimmie didn't get the meat—and you'll

have to speak to him about it.

Miss Stayle: And my shoes. (with scorn) He's forgotten about my shoes. That lad has no consideration for his aunt at all. What will I wear to the faculty meeting—? (fade away till her voice is lost. A moment of silence, then some very noisy swing music is heard, faint at first but it grows louder and becomes mingled with the voices of many laughing boys and girls).

Harold: Hey, Jimmy, come back here in the

next room where it's quiet.

Jimmy: Okay Harold. (door closes and music hear very faintly in background). Golly, I hope no one saw us this afternoon.

Harold: Gee whiz, Jimmy, I play hookie all the time. Don't worry. No one saw us. We can write each other's note and we're all set I do it all the time. Golly, relax. It's not that N.B.

Jimmy: Yeah. I guess it'll be okay. I'm sure glad my dead pan Aunt Sophia doesn't teach

me. Then I could never cut classes.

Harold: I wish I had been blessed that way. She is positively the biggest bore— and the other teachers are just as bad.

Jimmy: And the stuff they have to teach is

worse.

Harold: (disdainfully) Trigonometry, history, Shakespeare. Nothing that goes on inside school has any relation to what we do outside.

Jimmy: Yeah. The moment we step out of the unreal classroom into real life of newspapers, radios and movies, we contradict everything we learn at school.

Harold: Who reads Shakespeare, outside of a few crack-pots?

Jimmy: And who writes essays on Saskatchewan sunsets?

Harold: (mockingly) We study Latin because so much English is Latin and so many scientific terms are Latin and the Hudson Bay Company's motto is in Latin. Nuts!

Jimmy: And French, you can't get into the university without some foreign language.

Harold: That's my biggest problem. I want to be an engineer but I need French or I can't get into university. Well French I can't do and French I don't like so—unless I become a scholar I'll be up the well known tree.

Jimmy: My mother majored in French at university and she can't even understand the C.B.C. programs from Montreal.

Harold: Seems rather foolish doesn't it.

Jimmy: Sure does—I want to be a journalist. I realize I have to know my grammar and Shakespeare—but some living people write well too. Surely they all don't have to be dead Englishmen.

Harold: I don't think your Aunt Sophia or the authorities ever heard of Wells, Shaw, Russell, or Ogden Nash. The only way I got introduced to them was through American magazines.

Jimmy: All my essays come back marked— "Don't use slang." Copy Robert Louis Stevenson for an "A" but don't write about life as

you live it.

Harold: You and I will be graduating next spring. What are we going to do if we don't go to university?

Jimmy: If we only had a skill to sell.

Harold: Or a trade-.

Jimmy: Seriously I think I'll jump off the

bridge. I feel as if I'm unwanted.

Harold: Me too, the more I think of it, the more futile it appears. I can't afford to go to University. Guess I'll become an office boy or a clerk.

Jimmy: We've been luckier than country kids though.

Harold: Yeah—just imagine those—those educational slums-

Jimmy: Slums is right. Dad says a lot of teachers are leaving their jobs.

Harold: Maybe two dollars a day isn't enough to keep up their hope and interest besides their board and room.

Jimmy: Yeah.

Harold: I wouldn't want to be a teacher.

Jimmy: Aunt Sophia says it's the most noble

profession on earth, helping others-

Harold: I'd rather help myself first. I want to get rich and own a car—but I doubt if I'll even be able to find a job. You know, Jim, we're just shadows, you and I, we've got no purpose. We exist without meaning.

Jimmy: We'd be shadows with at least one foot on the ground if we'd gone to Tech, Ha-

rold.

Harold: Then we'd be more certain of work. Oh golly. Here we are taking life so seriously talking about the misery of school when that's the very thing we're trying to escape.

Jimmy: Yeah—It would be okay to talk about if we could do something about it, but the way it is we just upset ourselves. So, good idea, let's forget it.

Harold: Say, there's a big dance down town tonight. I'll take Molly and you ask someone-How about it?

Jimmy: I should study. We've got a test on Keats tomorrow.

Harold: Keats.—Slush! Do you like Keats? Jimy: No, I don't, but I should do my homework. Oh, if we didn't have such a ridiculous course of study—.

Harold: Let's go out front. (opens door. Music and laughter resume). Hey Jimmy, did you see that tasty dish that just walked in?

Jimmy: Where? Oh her—that's Bubbles Brown. Truly de fruit, eh? A real mug-bug too.

Harold: Why don't you drag her to the dance tonight?

Jimmy: Good idea—Say Harold, loan me two bits so I can splash a little—make an impresh.

Harold: What a jerk. You spend twice as much as I ever get and yet you're always borrowing. When you gonna pay me? (Music stops).

Jimmy: I'll pay you—just keep your zipper up. Come on—gimme—gimme.

Harold: Here-

Jimmy: Watch me cook with gas. Hi ya Bub! Bubbles Hi ya Bub. (she giggles).

Jimmy: Drowning your sorrows in a coke, I see.

Bubbles: Yeah. I really hate them but it's something to do for an hour or two after four. (giggles).

Jimy: How would you like me to feed the

music box for you.

Bubbles Oh, Jimmie, how did you know I was feeling for rhythm. You've got a beautiful soul. I could just eat you, you're such a darling. (She kisses him with a loud smack, then giggles).

Jimmy: Wow! Those peppermints are good. Come on let's see what the nickel-grabbers sportin'.

Bubbles: Yeah-What's torrid?

Jimmy Like "Crescendo in B flat"?

Bubbles: No rock It peturbs me. Jimmy: "A kiss in the Park"?

Bubbles: What another? Later by all means. (giggles). Ah—here's the lick that'll do the trick—number ten-

Jimmy: Plug 'er (music starts, a really noisy jazz number)

Bubbles That's the way I like 'em—solid. Got a cigarette Jim?

Jimmy: I don't smoke.

Bubbles: Oh, how medieval. (giggles).

Jimmy I'll buy you some though.—Small package of Russian thistles (drops coin on counter).

Clerk: Here y'are, thanks.

Jimmy: I didn't know you smoked. Here's a light.

Bubbles: Thanks.—Oh, I really hate it cause it chokes me, but everyone does it, and if you don't reek with tobacco you just haven't arrived (giggles). Everyone you meet does it—

Jimy: suddenly recalling) Meat! Oh—— Bubbles: What's wrong, you're as white as a Rinso sheet.

Jimmy: Quick. What time is it? What time does the butcher shop close? And the shoe repair— Yowie. Now I'll get it. Goodbye (fade away).

Bubbles: Well, I like that. I was never so brushed off in all my life. (coughs) Darn that smoke (coughs) I hate those filthy weeds. (coughs).

Harold: Not good for growing children.

Bubbles: Clam up, grandpa.

Harold: Oh—don't be mad. Say Jim was supposed to invite you to the dance tonight.

Bubbles: He didn't let me know about it

Harold: He must have forgotten something, but he wants you to come. We'll pick you up at nine.

Bubbles: He'd better apologize first.—And before eight thirty.

Harold: Okay Bubs.

Bubbles: Oh—Say—I've seen you around school, what's your name?

Harold: Harold Tuttle—and your Bubbles Brown!

Bubbles: Yeah. (giggles) I get talked about don't I. Say Harold have you any Sen Sens. This tobacco smell will torpedo my Mom-

Harold: Yes,—here's some.

Bubbles Oh what a beautiful soul you have. You're such a darling. I could just eat you— (fades away to complete silence. The noise of knives and forks is heard.)

Mother: Pass the bread please, Jack.

Father: Here.

Mother: Thank you.

Miss Stayle: Everyone is so worried about Hitler and Europe when we should be bothered about affairs right here at home. This terrible Jacobin, Reveal is saying dreadful things about our high schools, Jack. Did you see the paper?

Father: Yes I saw that. He is stirring things up isn't he?

Miss Stayle: Other teachers are like myself (deliberately). We try to water the gardens of their young souls but they refuse to benefit by it, and all we get is criticism. It's disgusting. Reveal thinks all our children should go to Technical schools and become mechanics. Imagine an education without French, Latin and formal English.

Father: (with surprise) Without English and French? Oh I understood he wanted all that but technical training as well. But, of course, newspaper accounts are so incomplete.

Mother: The only way to find out what he really means is to hear his address. Why don't we go to the City Hall tonight, Jack, we haven't anything else planned.

Father: Yes-That's a good idea.

Miss Stayle: Well, if I ever went I'd take my lawyer along, because, as I was telling the faculty, I'm sure we have grounds for a legal case.

(Door opens)

Jimmy: Oh Mother, I'm awfully sorry—. Miss Stayle: (correcting him) Very sorry.

Jimy: I forgot all about it and when I did get there it was too late.

Mother: Never mind now. Sit down to supper and Dad will speak to you later.

Miss Stayle: And my shoes—I knew this would happen. What will I wear to the faculty meeting? (fade out—a moment's pause)

Father: Well, son, what have you to say?

Jimmy: Gee Dad, I got talking to the gang at the Milk Bar and before I realized it—it was ten to six, and when I got there—

Father: Okay Jimmie, I understand, but let's talk about something a little deeper. You're in Grade Twelve Jim, that's first year university. Don't you think it's about time you started taking school seriously, and life seriously, too-

Jimmy: Yes, Dad.

Father: I mean, Son, at your age you have to set up values, high values, and you should make an effort to live up to them.

Jimmy: Yes, Dad.

Father: Now I don't think jumping around a juke box should be one of your standards. Dance music is all right at dances but you should listen to good music as well.

Jimmy: Yes, Dad

Father: Now I want you to get rid of those Western Stories and detective books up in your room. You can use my library, I have all the classics.

Jimmy: But, Dad-Yes, Dad.

Father: Furthermore you are to remove that—that Petty girl from your bedroom and replace the splended copy of the Blue Boy where it is supposed to be.

Jimmy: Aw gee, Dad-

Father: Furthermore I've got a surprise for you. For Christmas I'll give you my complete set of Shakespeare's works, on condition that you read them. That's all Jimmy.

Jimmy: Oh Dad—I don't like to ask you for this now but could I have next week's allowance tonight, I'd like to go out—?

Father: Now Jim I hope you haven't been borrowing again. Remember what I said, your whole life's troubles begin when you borrow to buy non-essential things.

Jimmy: Yes, Dad.

Father: And isn't tonight a week night. You must have homework

Jimy: I only have to read Keats' once.

Father: Keats is difficult. You had better stay home and study him thoroughly.

Jimmy: Yes, Dad.

Father: Your Mother and I are going to hear Reveal at the City Hall. We may be late, so turn the lights out when you go to bed. (closes door).

Jimmy: Phooey! Harold will give me the money. I must phone Bubbles as soon as they go. (Fade out. Brief pause. Sound of applause)

Chairman: And so, ladies and gentlemen,, with that introduction I present to you a progressive leader, Mr. Ringford Reveaal. (Applause)

Reveal: Friends, my message is a brief one. I am a pessimist. I sincerely believe that unless some great changes are soon made in our educational system, there is no hope for the future of our youths. Today our high-school courses are designed for entrance into higher education, but only five per cent of our students ever get to university. Ninety-five per cent are tossed into the whirlwind of life with its troubles, for which they are totally unprepared. The protective high-school umbrella is removed, and they are left with ancient history and plane geometry. They are useless to society without further education, without developed skills. Their future is practically limited to clerking. They are not prepared to accept responsible positions in Society.

And it's not their fault (fade away. Dance music rises in background).

Jimmy: Let's dance, Bubs.

Bubbles: Okay, hepcat.

Jimmy: My parents don't know I came to-night.

Bubbles: Same here (giggles). I told Mom I was going to the library to study. I don't even know where the study room of the library is. (giggles.)

Jimmy: What are you going to do next year, Bubs?

Bubbles: Oh I don't know. I guess I'll help Dad clerking in the store, until I meet the right guy—(giggles).

Jimmy: Oh you girls are all the same— (fade out) (The voice of Reveal is heard faintly

at first but it grows louder).

Reveal: What our children are taught in school has the opposite effect to what was intended. They are given a taste of the great literature of England. It is intended to stimulate further reading, but they find it unreal, dry and uninteresting. They learn to hate it and anxiously wait for graduation so they won't have to look at it again. (fade out. Dance music returns).

Jimmy: May I shake your frame for this num-

ber, Bubbles?

Bubbles: It'll be a thrill, I can asure you.

Jimmy: You know I was suppose to be reading "Pride and Prejudice" this week but I hear the movie is coming so I'm going to sit through it twice, instead of reading the book.

Bubbles: I've never read a complete book in my life (giggles). Somehow I can always get

away without reading.

Jimmy: What about poetry?

Bubbles: Oh I've got a book at home that explains them all so I just memorize the explanation because I never understand the poem anyway. (giggles).

Jimmy: I don't think I'd like some of those poets even if I could understand what they wrote. Dad said he'd give me his set of Shakespear's complete works if I read them.

Bubbles: You'll never get past "Venus and

Adonis".

Jimmy: I guess I'll have to refuse them, but it'll hurt Dad.

Bubbles: My Dad's the same way. He says he can't see how I've spent four mortal years at high school without getting contaminated by some wisdom (giggles). (Fade out Reveal's voice rises from silence).

Reveal: Students need more than moral instruction. A knowledge of what is right and what is wrong is not enough. Education must be practical, closely associated to actual living. They must do things and not just be talked at. From the real world and from the movies they see that lying and cheating and aggressiveness often lead to success. Does this have a greater effect upon them than the instruction of righteousness in school? (fade out. Music arises).

Molly: I'm glad you asked me out tonight, Harold. I got out of doing the dishes and mind-

ing the baby.

Harold: Was your Mother angry?

Molly: She was at first but I told her I had my homework done so she let me go. I can copy my assignments at noon hour tomorrow.

Harold: Say did you hear about Bobby Tardin? He got caught cheating last week and got

zero on a paper.

Molly: Unlucky devil. Every other person cheats and he had to be the one to take the rap-

(Fade out. Reveal's voice rises.).

Reveal: Recently a survey of high-school students showed that over ninety per cent of them defined democracy as having something to do with personal rights. Very few of them realized that besides rights democracy carries obligations and civic responsibilities. Of these obligations our children learn very little. They have no social conscience because we haven't instilled one in them. Instead they are inclined to evade social responsibilities because the individual is overemphasized. Personal advance is all that matters. And that, my friends, is fatal. (Fade out. Music arises then stops).

Harold: Thanks for the use of your body. Molly: You're welcome, Superman. Here

comes Bubbles and Jim-

Harold: It's intermission, where'll we go for cheeseburgers.

Jimmy: All the places down town will be

Bubbles: Goody. Then we can go slumming across the tracks.

Molly: Yeah let's go slumming. It gives me a plutocratic feeling—(fade out. Reveal's voice rises).

Reveal: The tendency throughout the ages has always been the same regarding education. When society concentrates on the individual and he neglects his duty to his fellow man and to the state, the Society inevitably suffers poor leadership, and in times of crisis, defeat. Consider ancient Greece. Athenian education was most

successful in producing citizens. Responsibility to one's fellow citizen and to the state was emphasized, as was actual participation in public affairs. But a time came in Athens when the individual became of greatest importance, Freedom led to selfishness and neglect of the state's welfare. They fled from responsibilities, lost their social conscience and when the aggressor appeared on the horizon they were caught divided. Their civilization was extinguished and has not risen to this day. It will happen here too—unless we act quickly and it's getting late. (Applause. Music arises, softly at first, it rises to a crescendo and a newspaper boy's shrill voice is heard. The music continues throughout his call).

Newspaper Boy: Extra. Extra. Warsaw bombed. Warsaw bombed. Germany invades Poland. Extra. Warsaw bombed. (Music gradually gets softer until it fades away completely. Silence. Etc.). (Silence. Happy voices heard singing a Christmas carol to a piano accompaniment. Song ends. They wish each other "Merry Christmas.")

Jimmy: Ít is a splendid Christmas, Mother— Mother: Yes, Son, it's all too good to be true. Here you are home on leave. We're all back together again.

Jimmy: Seems only yesterday I was in high school.

Mother: It's several years ago.

Jimmy: You know Mom, it's a funny thing about highschool. It seems quite different, now that I've been away from it for a few years.

Father: How do you mean?

Jimmy: Well—take Trigonometry for e-xample. All the time I was taking trig I never knew why. I thought it was to help make me think clearly (laughs). But now that I'm in the air force I can see it really has uses—not merely to measure the height of a tree when you know the length of its shadow. You can't be a pilot without knowing trig.

Father: And what young lad doesn't want to be a pilot. Trigonometry should be the most

popular subject these days.

Auntie: Speaking of school and the war, did you know, Jim, that my class received the highest mention in all Canada for collection of scrap rubber and metals?

Jimmy: Golly, that's swell.

Auntie: Yes, Sir, we have every student in the school actively participating in the national war effort.

Jimmy: Kind of makes the kids conscious of their duty to society doesn't it?

Father: More than that. It's education by doing, actually participating in affairs of the country.

Jimmy: When I went to school we never learned by doing—'cept in Manual Training. Most of the time we just listened and looked.

Mother: Another thing, Jim, the School girls are selling war stamps down town on Saturday. They get nothing for it but the satisfaction of helping.

Auntie: Same as last Hallo'ween. Instead of running wild on the streets and destroying property, they collected money to send to Britain to buy milk for British children.

Father: Just shows what good organization and a social conscience can accomplish—from school children.

Jimmy: Yeah. The pity of it all, seems to me, it that we could have made these changes in peacetime.

Mother: We were all too busy looking after our own petty needs.

Father: War forces progress.

Jimmy: Well, it sure is good to see that you're all backing us one hundred per cent.—Say Auntie, what happened to my old chum Harold?

Mother: Didn't he write to you?

Jimmy: Yeah—but I never answered. You know—

Auntie: Well, after you joined up he won a Dominion-Provincial Scholarship, and went to university.

Mother: Another good result of the war.

Auntie: Yes. They have a good system now. A great many promising youths are getting training in war courses.

Jimmy: And when we come back we'll see that they continue it.

Father: Yes, Jim, it's just the beginning. It's a big step toward equality of opportunity in education, but it's just the beginning. Tomorrow must be better than yesterday or today.

Jimmy: That reminds me of something Tennyson said. Let's see, how did it go— oh yes—"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way; But to act, that each tomorrow Brings us farther than today."

Auntie: You mean Longfellow, not Tenny-

son. (They laugh).

Jimmy: And what ever happened to Bubbles Brown? Bet she married a New Zealand airman.

Mother: Not Bubbles. She's changed.

Auntie: You'd never believe it, Jim, but she's not the same silly girl at all.

Jimmy: What's she doing?

Mother: She's working at the munitions factory. She's a group leader and one of the ablest girls up there.

Jimmy: I can't believe it. You mean that giggling blond is on the production front. Yowie. This is a total war.

Father: Didn't Bubbles leave highschool to go to a special school down East before she got the job?

Auntie: Yes, that's right. We encourage the girls who are graduating to go into a nursing or take a commercial course, or to do as Bubbles has. It's surprising how many girls go right into the factories.

Mother: And are successful too. They know how to handle responsibility.

Auntie: That's because we're teaching them how in the schools today.

Father: Well, it's a big improvement over the system that I endured.

Jimmy: And the one that I was exposed to. Auntie: Well, now, that's my point exactly. I've been trying to tell the faculty that for years but you know these faculty meetings. What we need is—(Her voice gradually falls away until lost. Sound of loud wind).

END

Shoes and Feet

The dusty road

It bears the impress of rubber tires, and many feet walking,

Fantastic arabesques in the white dust,

And prints of shoes, -black, white, brown-

Shoes with holes in the soles;

Shoes with no uppers;

Shoes with heels run over;

Shoes turned up at the toes;

Shoes searching for a roof, even a leaky roof,

And a little straw to lie on.

And cars are cars, and shoes are shoes
And roads are dusty and roads are paved
And the feet go on and on from dusky dawn
Till green white stars splash in the slough
By the side of the road.

Leslie Jenkins.

The Outcasts

The millstone is around their necks, These hoboes and wrecks of men Whose hopes, that once ran high, ebb out In a painful search for bread.

Vagrants on the streets or trespassers on the railroad yards,

Searchers for a musty crumb.

And, finding none, they dream about

The creeks abounding in speckled trout,

And the pungent spruce providing a lonely bed.

Or, gathered in the park of hobo-town

They jeer at the money-kings

With their crumpled, dirty, dollar bills;

The money-barons who corner the wheat and gold and iron.

"They have their oaken bedsteads, their plush carpets, their grand pianos,

And their luxurious tables;

We, with calloused hands eat soiled bread,

And drink discolored wine,

And we oft lie down on the hard, cruel ground,

And whistle in the dark."

The years were brighter then

But now,

With voices roughened by years of sorrow they tell:

How the moonlight spangled in the wake Of some Australian steamer as she cleaved a silvery sea,

Caressed by zephyrs of the warm Pacific; How mellow were the harvest days when yellow fields

Seemed suspended between the earth and sun; How sweet it was to puddle steel all day;

How carol lips mouthed icy words,

And no one heard the groan of him

Who sprawled upon of the floor of a creaking box-car.

"O men of flint, are your eyes never full of tenderness

Or your faces like the springtime sky?

O men of flint, how could you drop us into pits

To grind your corn To pound your iron

To shovel your coal, to clean up your dirt?

O these are more than wheels and pistons.

Rough may be the human stone, yet not so rough That the Master of All may not with chisel and hammer

Shape, shape, and polish

A gem

For His golden crown.

Leslie Jenkins.

Post Resurrectionen

When I arise from the dead I shall lie
With my back to the earth and my face to the
sky,

And watch the clouds go drifting by, And blue deep as deep.

And I'll sing as the April morns begin,
And sit on a hilltop and watch the world spin,
And the tides that roll, and the seas therein,
And the fogs that creep.

And I'll sing of the millions that labor and play, Of the hearts that hope, and the hearts that pray, And the hearts that perhaps may break today, In the world's wide sweep.

Then remembering the dear moments I've left behind,

And the old well-known faces I never may find, And a love that was faithful, although it was blind,

Still singing, I'll weep.

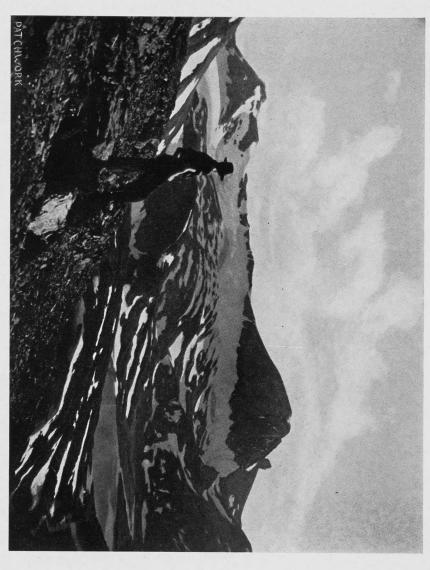
When I've finished my song with a sigh and a tear

That has ripened this many a bittersweet year, Then I'll take my last look without favor or fear,

And lie down to sleep.

Amy Downey.





PATCHWORK

RAY HEIMBECKER



